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THE JACKSON-HARMSWORTH POLAR EXPEDITION.—“I AM AWFULLY GLAD TO SEE YOU”: THE MEETING OF MR. JACKSON AND DR. NANSEN IN FRANZ JOSEF LAND.

*From a Photograph supplied by Mr. Alfred Harmsworth.*



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

I know nothing of the ingenious advertiser who offers plots to novelists "from two shillings upwards." They are probably not worth twopence. It is my experience that even when very clever people offer novelists who are their friends "capital things for working into a story" as a gift, they are worth exactly what they are offered at. It is a rare thing indeed for anyone to give a writer a plot that strikes the receiver as forcibly as the donor: even if it is good it may not "take his fancy," without which it is valueless to him. At the same time I cannot agree with Sir Walter Besant that there is anything discreditable in an author's accepting or even purchasing such an article. I do not speak, of course, of a whole scenario (or some such outlandish name), as some people call their plots; but occasionally a mere idea, expressed in half-a-dozen sentences, may suggest a three-volume novel. When you told John Leech an anecdote suitable for illustration he used to inquire with his placid smile, "Is that copyright?" and if it were not he used it. And why not? Nine out of ten of the best novels have owed their being (as in Walter Scott's case) to something written, something said; though I quite admit that the most successful are generally those the plots of which occur to authors themselves, and, as the saying is, "out of their own heads." Once only have I ever purchased an idea, and certainly not with any compunction as to the reprehensibility of the transaction. I received when editor of a magazine a short story that did not impress me favourably, but which (not so much from devotion to duty, I am afraid, as because I happened to be at leisure) I nevertheless read to the end. I was rewarded by finding in the last page a very curious and original catastrophe. It did not redeem the tale itself, which I felt could not be accepted, but it made a great impression on me. In returning the manuscript to the contributor, I stated how it had struck me, and offered, if agreeable to him, to purchase the incident in question upon the understanding that he would not reveal it. The bargain was made, he kept his promise honourably, and I thought and still think that I, on my part, did nothing dishonourable in making use of the suggestion. To personal friends I have also now and then—perhaps three times in my whole literary life—been indebted for similar assistance. I feel under obligations to them, but not such as I need be ashamed of.

I have little, alas! now to do with the methods of locomotion; even the auto-car, in spite of its name, is useless to me; and the cycle, as far as I am concerned, might be "a cycle of Cathay." Like the Queen of Spain, I have no legs, or, rather, none to talk about. Still, one has an interest, even when stationary, in the goings-on of one's fellow-creatures. The bicycle is become at least as common a topic of conversation as the horse used to be, and not much more interesting, yet one has to listen to it. The liveliest items come, as usual, from America, where the people have as pronounced a taste for some new thing as the Athenians of old, and exhibit it in a far more practical manner. Their last device is bicycles in mourning. They are, of course, painted in the most sombre hue, and are used by persons who have suffered a recent bereavement. They are very popular with widows, who can thus combine a little recreation with a proper respect for the dear departed. No doubt the practice has its opponents, not only in the widows who are too stout for the exercise, but in the same class who in this country think it "undignified" in Bishops and Deans to bestride the two-wheeled steed. Except for the novelty of the thing, one can hardly see the difference in this respect between riding a bicycle or a horse. Indeed, the former is the more decent, as the Right Reverend or Very Reverend bicyclist can still retain his apron. There may be something incongruous in his riding a yellow machine with red wheels and a green lamp, but a mourning bicycle should suit him down—or almost down—to the ground. Bicycling, as a calling, bids fair in America to surpass all others in connection with athletics. Our professional cricketers and football players are nowhere in comparison with their cyclists as regards remuneration. In great matches, we are told, "the winners receive £80 and the losers £60": a statement rather open to misconception, since in the old days of "the ring" it is notorious that the losing pugilist often got considerably more than the winning one. A good suggestion, in view of the frequency with which bicycles are stolen, is that a certificate of ownership should be given with every machine, and the transfer without it be made illegal. This seems a simpler and cheaper method than that of insurance.

Anecdotes of instinct have of late years increased beyond all reason. The dog and the cat have had stories told of them that would induce us (if we believed them) to place canine and feline natures considerably in advance of human ditto. Now the whale is having its innings. A young one has been caught in Alaska and fed with milk out of a bladder, till it would come at call. What seems to detract from his intelligence is that he allowed himself to be harnessed, which, as the patriarch Job tells us, Leviathan never did in his time: you could not, he says, even "put a hook in his nose." The creature in question now draws a whale-boat with punctuality and despatch

between an island and the mainland—an occupation which strikes one as being at the same time very unlike and "very like a whale."

The case of Mrs. Lewsey, who could not recognise the hotel in London where she had left her child, has been elucidated; but, strange as it is, it is not unparalleled. I well remember a similar adventure befalling a poor widow from Devonshire who came up to stay with her daughter in London. She arrived safely enough, but went out in the evening to buy a bar of soap for her, and got lost. The houses looked, and indeed were, all alike, and she had forgotten the address. She had no money, and declined to go to the workhouse; there were no telegraphs in those days, but the authorities at Paddington gave her a free return ticket home, where her daughter's London address was written down. Then she came back all right and found the house; but it was a long way round.

A doctor in the East End has been reprimanded by a coroner's jury for saying "Not at home" when requested to visit a poor patient. He would have been at home, they said, "fast enough" to a rich one. Of course it was his duty to tell the truth, and it would have been also more humane. But he knew he would not be paid for his trouble, and in what other profession is a man expected to work for nothing? Imagine a lawyer—but one cannot imagine it. There is no calling the members of which are so generous as that of medicine; it is also, as a rule, the worst paid, and only too often never paid at all. When our dear ones are sick we are very grateful for medical assistance, but when they get well, the last account to be promptly settled is the doctor's bill, because we know it is the least likely to be enforced.

As to the morality of the phrase "Not at home," used merely as a weapon of self-defence, I had once the privilege of hearing two well-known divines exhaust the question and their hearers. One of these insisted that such a subterfuge was inexcusable under any circumstances, and that your friends ought to be told that you were "engaged." The other said, "Then they would not be your friends much longer, for they would be sure to consider that a subterfuge." "Then you should tell them exactly what you were doing." "But suppose it was a lady, and I was in my bath?" In the excitement of the discussion there is no knowing what example the reverend gentleman might not have adduced; but it fortunately went off on a side issue, the burden put on the conscience of the servant. It was agreed that a powdered footman would understand that no falsehood was intended, but that a "slavey" in a lodging-house would not. In other words, persons of fashion may fib and inferior people may not, which is the same conclusion that has been arrived at as regards other points of morality.

Serious persons often express astonishment that drunkenness has been treated with such lightness by some of our best novelists. Even "Pickwick" has been found fault with on this account. It has been also almost without exception made the subject of amusement upon the stage, while without it the caricaturists of old would have been at their wits' end indeed. It really seems that until comparatively recent times people got drunk good-humouredly, and that it was taken for granted that they would do so. A Scotch judge, in passing sentence upon a criminal who had, in a state of intoxication, killed his friend, brushed aside the argument of the counsel for the defence, who had pleaded that the act was done in liquor, as an aggravation rather than an excuse: "If this fellow when he was drunk murdered his friend, what would he have done to him if he had been sober?" There seems to have been good sense in this view. *In vino veritas* is a true saying, and when brutality is the outcome of drink, the man who exhibits it is obviously of a morose disposition. To plead it in mitigation of punishment is therefore as illogical as it is disastrous in its results. Nowadays, perhaps because drunkenness has become almost exclusively a vice of the lower and coarser class of the population, drunkards are generally brutal. There are few redeeming elements, and nothing of humour, in their behaviour. It is quite refreshing to read of the excursionist in the Isle of Man the other day, who, instead of becoming violent and quarrelsome in his cups, retired quietly to rest in the public square, under the impression that it was his bed-room. He hung all his clothes (with forty pounds in his pocket) upon the area railings, and was discovered looking for his night-shirt. This showed a certain sense of propriety, like that of his prototype who, in a similar condition, took up his sleeping quarters in a field, and put his shoes outside the gate for some imaginary "boots" to clean in the morning. No one is tempted to drink by reading humorous incidents of this kind, whether fact or fiction, but a good many people, quite aware that liquor has a brutalising effect upon them, are tempted to indulge in it because they know that the plea of intoxication will be listened to on their behalf—which it ought not to be.

Of course there are country bores, and a good many of them; it has been even computed that they make up a large minority of the population. There are also travelling bores, a small but very assiduous class, whom Dickens thought to be the worst of all—people who ask you

whether you have seen some chapel in the Tyrol or way-side cross in Bohemia, and if you are so imprudent as to answer in the negative, will tell you that in that case you have missed the one thing worth seeing on the continent of Europe, and proceed to describe it at great length. But, after all, it is only in London that we find boredom reduced to a science and followed as a profession. Before the era of clubs it was probably unknown in this form, but of late years it has been growing, like the helmet in the Castle of Otranto, and has now attained gigantic dimensions. It is not a remunerative calling, and consequently many of its members have only moderate means, which is, perhaps, the reason why they stay in town when other people leave it. At all events, it is certain that at this season of the year they become more formidable; they have fewer victims, and those they find they therefore batten upon without mercy. Eastern travellers liken their ravages to those of a locust, but the comparison is inadequate: they devour not only "every green thing," but what is not green; the oldest habitués of the clubs, who have passed their lives in avoiding them, are now, if they happen to be left in town, their prey. There is no escape, for the proportion of bores to ordinary members, which used to be one in ten, is now about ten to one. To the student of mankind they form interesting, though, of course, rather ticklish subjects of observation, not so dangerous as hornets, but worse than wasps. If the latter insect buzzed like the bee it would exactly resemble them. When the clubs are full their presence is not much noticed; they settle here and there upon promising victims, who endure them with more or less of philosophy, but now they fall upon him in numbers, like wasps upon isolated lumps of sugar. What is very curious and deplorable, they never meddle with one another, but give their whole attention to their prey. Scorpions are reputed to contend with one another, and even under favourable circumstances to commit suicide; but not our bores. If half a dozen of them could be caught and confined together in the "strangers' room" (a suitable spot for any catastrophe) it would be interesting to note what would happen; but they are very wary. Even if there is no one in the club but themselves, they will not mix with one another; but they have been known to settle on a waiter.

Everyone who has read Stevenson's "Underwoods" will rejoice that still another volume of verse has been bequeathed to us by that delightful writer. It is called "Songs of Travel," though its contents are miscellaneous. Its opening poem, "The Vagabond," has probably suggested the title. It has all the vigour and abandon of the author—

Give to me the life I love,  
Let the lave go by me,  
Give the jolly heaven above,  
And the byway nigh me.  
Bed in the bush with stars to see,  
Bread I dip in the river—  
There's the life for a man like me,  
There's the life for ever.

Good as it is, however, it is not the best; and, indeed, it is difficult, when there is so much variety, buoyancy and pathos, aspiration and regret, to award the palm. They are mere swallow-flights of song, yet they go straight to the heart. Well may he tell us—

Low as the singer lies  
In the field of heather,  
Songs of his fashion bring  
The swains together.  
And, when the west is red  
With the sunset embers,  
The lover lingers and sings,  
And the maid remembers.

Stevenson's poems have the simplicity of the old ballad with the music of the new. Was ever brunette described more attractively than in the following lines? Let snow and roses and locks of gold delight the throng, he says, but for his part he wears the favour of one of dusky hue—

The hue of Highland rivers  
Careering, full and cool,  
From sable on to golden,  
From rapid on to pool;  
The hue of heather-honey,  
The hue of honey-bees,  
Shall tinge her golden shoulder,  
Shall gild her tawny knees.

Slight and brief as is the record of human life as set down in these poems, it contains the whole gamut from childhood to old age. In "Mater Triumphans" the infant is vigorously depicted—

The ten fingers and toes, and the shell-like nail on each,  
The eyes blind as gems, and the tongue attempting speech;  
Impotent hands on my bosom, and yet they shall wield the sword!  
Drugged with slumber and milk, you wait the day of the Lord.

"The Song of a Lad that's Gone" describes the poet himself in middle life, and the youth that has been lost for ever—

Billow and breeze, islands and seas,  
Mountains of rain and sun,  
All that was good, all that was fair,  
All that was me is gone.

"We have Loved of Yore" treats of old age, and how the ears of Darby and Joan, as they sit beside the winter fire, hear, though frost has bound the flowing tide without, Love's own voice warbling in the reeds. Except his songs for children, I know no work of Stevenson's that more endears him to his readers than this delightful volume.



## THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

The question whether the manager of a theatre should or should not be an actor is a very interesting one, and may be discussed generally, and without any personal bias whatever. Before we start our new autumn season, it may be well to say a few words on the subject, particularly as I have been asked again and again to justify my attitude, which, on the whole, is against the actor-manager system, in the best interests of dramatic art.

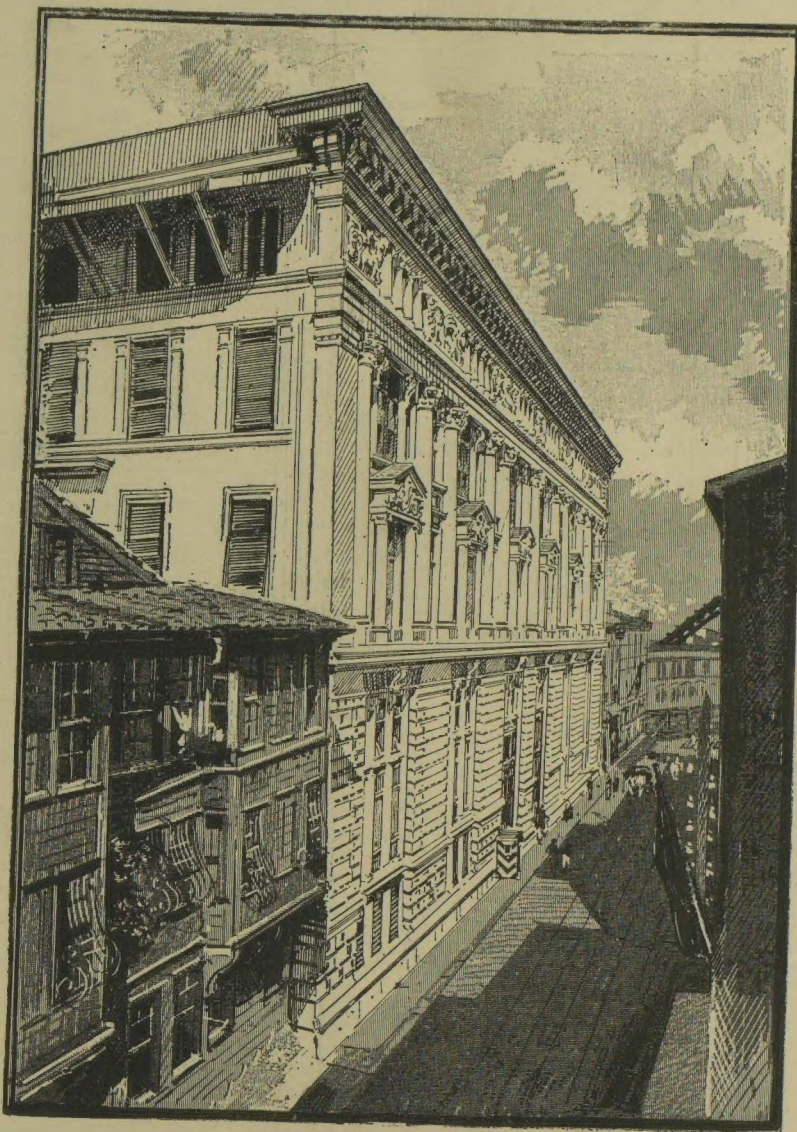
I must take the wind out of my opponents' sails by granting that some of the most successful managers of theatres in London have been actors. There is no gainsaying that fact, and by successful I do not merely mean successful financially, because some of the most memorable managements of the century have been anything but successful. Macready's managerial career was one incessant grumble. His objects were so laudable and honourable; the results were so disheartening. He retired from the stage hating it and disgusted with his calling. Charles Kean was another earnest and conscientious student of the drama. Samuel Phelps was another celebrated actor-manager, who at Sadler's Wells, with a small stock company, did wonders for Shakspeare on the stage. It is inevitable when the actor-manager question is raised that we should have Macready, Kean, Phelps, Henry Irving, and Bancroft thrust down our throats to prove that the actor-manager is, artistically and financially, the best. But I maintain that these celebrated men are the brilliant exceptions to the general rule of a bad system. Exceptions do not prove the rule. But the value and wholesomeness of the rule are proved by the force of the exception.

What, then, are the great arguments against the actor-manager system? The first and the greatest is human nature. Vanity is a common failing. All men and women are more or less vain. But an actor or actress may be said to be inordinately vain. Otherwise they would not be actors or actresses. And it is a foible that grows upon them. They may start on their career as modest as mice, but they become vainer and vainer every year they serve the stage, however honourably. This is inevitable. It is human nature. Now, is it possible to conceive an actor or actress whose whole principle of life is absence of self-love, self-pride, self-advancement, and a determination to put art before everything? There may be such men and women, but I must own I have never met them. The actor-manager and the actress-manager, as a rule, look after themselves in the first instance, and their pockets in the second. They would not be so blind or silly as to starve themselves and starve their company. That in these days would be a suicidal policy.

But the plays we see in a theatre governed by an actor are the plays selected in the first instance for the self-advancement of that actor. I am not saying that it should not be so. Very often it ought to be so. All I say is that it is so. Granted, then, that it is so, can we conceive it possible that the actor or actress, being in power, dearly loves to see himself or herself effaced by a rival actor or actress?

Unless an actor-manager is a saint he must cut his coat according to his cloth. He is the cloth, and he puts on his own embroidery, which is smart or ugly according to taste. I will go further, and ask why so many young actors and actresses rush into management? For the very good reason that they cannot have their own way on any question of art unless they are in power. They find that their ambition is hindered unless they can become masters instead of servants; and, once masters, the plays are written for them, chosen for them, acted for them, managed for them, advertised for them, puffed for them. Many of them want not only plays for themselves but critics all to themselves into the bargain, for a notice is never really a good one unless the star is flattered to the exclusion of the minor constellations. Now, a manager who is not an actor and has no axes to grind can have no earthly object save art and commerce; there can be no personal question in the matter. He chooses a play for the good of the play, and not for the good of the star.

He does not care if Mr. Smith succeeds or Mr. Brown, if Miss Jones makes a hit or Miss Robinson. It is all the same to him. He it is who encourages dramatic authors to write for the good of art, and not for the advancement of any individual. Take another art. Can we conceive that a prima donna or a leading tenor would make a better impresario than the late Sir Augustus Harris? Would a Sarah Bernhardt or a Coquelin do more for



THE MASSACRES IN TURKEY: THE OTTOMAN BANK AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

the advancement of art at the Comédie Française than a Claretie? I very much doubt it. And the fact is proved by their breaking away from the historic institution. Art was all very well in the abstract, but Number One was a paramount consideration.

There is, of course, always a compromise, and that is a commonwealth. I should like to see a theatre governed by a little republic, under a president who should not be an actor. The company should have a voice in the selection of plays and a share in the result. The president would have the casting vote, and the casting of plays would be a matter of arbitration.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## THE ARMENIAN MASSACRES IN TURKEY.

Later and fuller accounts of the horrible slaughter of the Armenians resident in the city and suburbs of Constantinople, after the mad and criminal attempt of a small gang of Armenian conspirators, with revolvers and dynamite bombs, to seize and hold the Ottoman Bank and to excite an insurrection, have revealed an immense loss of life, the victims being not those guilty of that crime, but unoffending people, mostly of the labouring classes. This was done between the hour on Wednesday afternoon, Aug. 26, when the outrage at the Bank took place, the massacre beginning instantly with the spread of the alarm through the city, and late on the Thursday night. For about thirty hours, with no check or restraint, wholesale murder was practised by the Turkish rabble, wielding bludgeons, clubs, and knives, in the streets, shops, coffee-houses, and dwellings of families, upon all men, women, and children of the Armenian race who could not escape. There was very little fighting or resistance, which proves that no general insurrection of the Armenians and non-Mussulman part of the population had actually been prepared. The Sultan's troops of regular soldiery, as well as the ordinary police, stood as indifferent spectators of the massacres, refusing to interfere when called upon to do so by Europeans, members of the different foreign Embassies and Consulates, who were eye-witnesses of those dreadful scenes; and there is every reason to believe that official orders were given to them from the Porte or from the palace of Yildiz Kiosk to let the fury of the mob, stimulated by a desire for plunder as by fanatical hatred, take its course so far as to create a Reign of Terror.

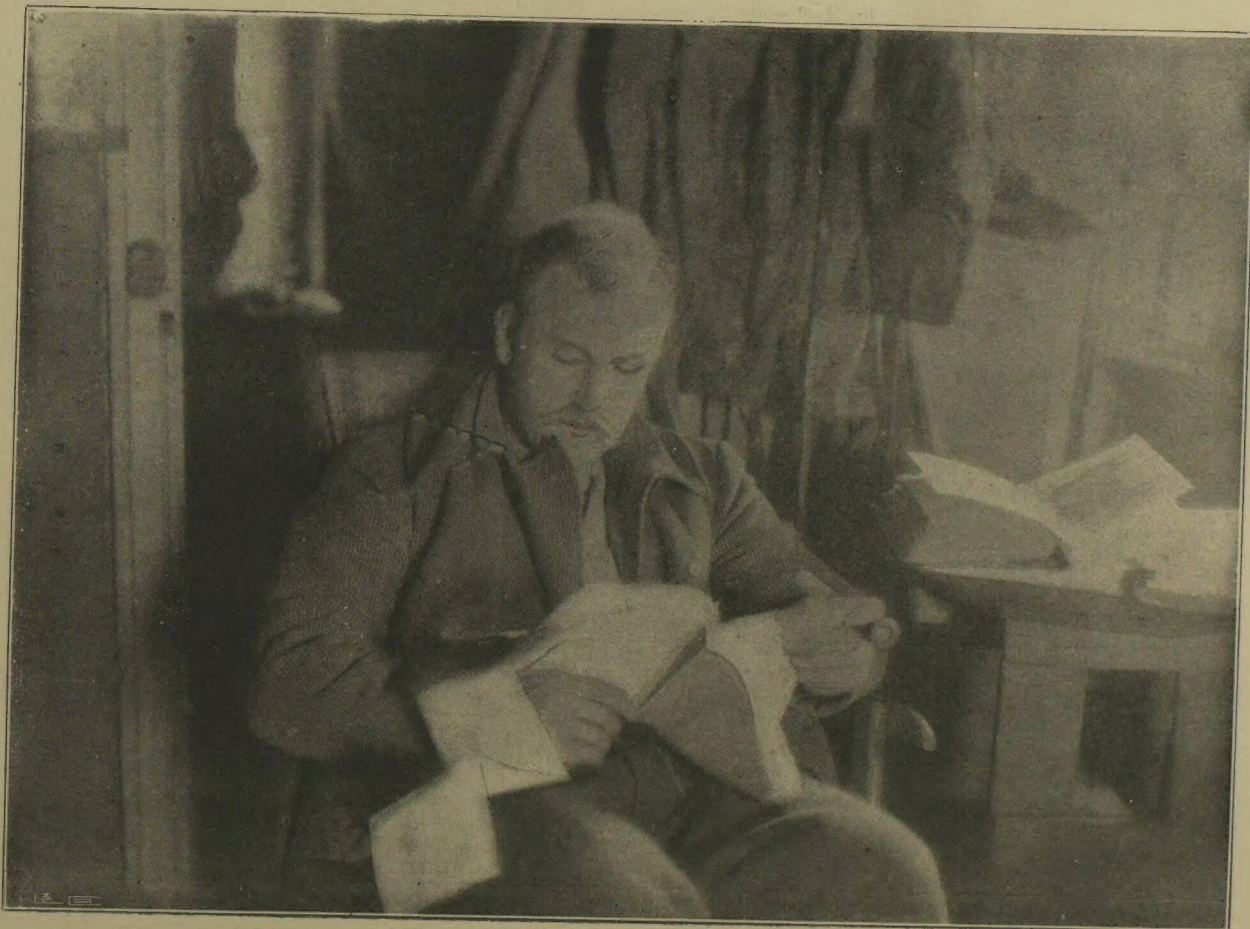
## THE CZAR AND CZARINA IN SILESIA.

The meeting of the Czar Nicholas II. with the German Emperor William II., each monarch being accompanied by her Imperial Majesty his consort, at Breslau, the chief city of Silesia, on Saturday last, was scarcely less interesting than the reception of the Czar and Czarina by the Emperor and Empress of Austria at Vienna eight or nine days before. Again setting forth on Thursday evening, Sept. 3, from Kieff, upon their more extensive tour of visits in Germany, Denmark, Scotland, and Paris, the imperial couple travelled to Breslau, where they were met on Saturday by the German Emperor and Empress, Princes and Princesses, with Prince Hohenlohe,

Chancellor of the German Empire, and other Ministers and Court officials. After breakfast at the Landeshaus they called upon Emperor William and the Empress, with whom they drove to the military parade-ground in two carriages. On the parade-ground, in front of the troops, the Czar and William II., in German military uniform, mounted on horseback and rode along the line; they afterwards watched the marching past, but the German Emperor led the 11th Regiment of Prussian Grenadiers, while the Czar led a regiment of Grenadier Guards called the "Kaiser Alexander." On Monday the Czar and Czarina went to Kiel, on the Baltic, and were the guests of Prince and Princess Henry of Prussia till their departure to Copenhagen.

## THE DONGOLA ADVANCE.

The break in the military line of railway near Sarras, caused by the late rains and floods, has been repaired by the labours of the Egyptian troops and British engineer officers under Sir Herbert Kitchener's command. On Saturday last a strong detachment of troops moved twenty miles forward to Dulgo, and Colonel Burn-Murdoch's cavalry is ready to keep the farther southward route clear, in front of the moving columns, when in a few days they proceed to a new encampment. Military sports, foot-races, horse-races, steeple-chases, and camel-races (of which our Special Artist gives us two illustrations) took place on Aug. 9 at Amara, eight or nine miles south of Kosheh, at the instance of the officers of the 4th Egyptian Battalion. They afforded much amusement to a large assembly of spectators.

DR. NANSEN AT ELMWOOD, FRANZ JOSEF LAND: AFTER A "WASH AND BRUSH UP,"  
From a Photograph by Mr. Jackson.



## THE JACKSON-HARMSWORTH POLAR EXPEDITION: THE FINDING OF NANSEN.

*From Photographs sent Home by the "Windward" to Mr. Alfred Harmsworth.*

The return to British shores of the *Windward* steam-yacht, which arrived in the Thames on Saturday afternoon from Tromsø, in Norway, bringing home several members of the party led by Mr. F. C. Jackson in the Arctic exploring expedition designated by his name jointly with that of Mr. Harmsworth, its munificent patron, is a gratifying event which is just in time for Mr. Montefiore Brice to lay before the British Association of Science, at Liverpool, the results of Mr. Jackson's observations, with those of other members of the staff, concerning the geography, the botany and zoology, and all the natural features of that remote land, so long unknown and hitherto so difficult of access, where they have spent many months, summer and winter, since their vessel left England in July 1894. The *Windward* returned to Vardø in September 1895, and sailed again for Franz Josef Land, where Mr. Jackson had established, on Cape Flora, the little hamlet of log-huts called Elmwood, fully described in our pages at that time. But, as we have lately been made aware, in addition to the direct objects of this mission, which have been so largely realised, the *Windward* has also had the good fortune to meet on the desolate shore of Franz Josef Land, and to convey home to his own country, the eminent Norwegian explorer, Dr. Nansen, whose heroic efforts during an absence of three whole years from the civilised world, at a brave sacrifice of ease and comfort, have obtained for us some knowledge of the actual condition of the Polar region, to within 226 miles of its centre, north of the Asiatic Continent, while he has



CAMPING-OUT AT ELMWOOD (MR. JACKSON INSIDE THE TENT).



MR. JACKSON AND HIS COMRADES AT ELMWOOD, FRANZ JOSEF LAND: THE ICE-BOAT "MARY HARMSWORTH" IN THE BACKGROUND.

shown the way to reach the Pole itself by travelling so far northward over the ice. We obtain, indeed, a considerable amount of information concerning Franz Josef Land, which was discovered many years ago by the Austrian Julius Payer; the proof of its insular position, the channel leading from it into "Queen Victoria Sea," with the bays, inlets, capes, and promontories which Mr. Jackson has first seen and named; the plant and animal life of that country, and other knowledge gathered during his sojourn at "Elmwood, Cape Flora"—or in his boat excursions to the neighbouring waters. Speaking generally of these recent achievements of Arctic exploration in the last two years, they may be said to have ascertained the fact of the existence of the Polar Ocean which, in all probability, entirely surrounds the most northerly extremity of the globe. The phantom of an indefinite extension of land beyond the shores of Franz Josef Land, which had already been visited, and which are now, by Mr. Jackson's persevering labours, proved to be those merely of an island, with a distinct geographical outline to be shown in his promised map, has been cleared away; and a long line to be drawn from those shores in a northeasterly direction over a frozen or rather ice-covered space of sea, traversed by Nansen with his sledges, will appear extending to the point, in latitude 86 deg. 26 min., where he was compelled to desist from his direct march towards the Pole. We feel cordially satisfied, as a matter of British national ambition in such deeds of grand and gallant enterprise, with the

share which has fallen to the lot of our own countrymen in this undesigned combination of the most recent geographical discoveries. Mr. Jackson had explored the coasts of the most northerly land yet known to exist nearly four months before Dr. Nansen came down there from the higher latitude which he had attained by marching over the ice some hundred miles away to the east; he had given, as he had a good right to do, the names of the "British Channel," and the "Queen Victoria Sea," to the waters he found opening northward, beyond the "Austria Sound" of Payer, adding to these designations, at successively observed recesses or interruptions of the water-space, in what is likely to be an archipelago with many smaller islands, the English honoured and home-remembering names of "Clements Markham Bay," "Allen Young Sound," "Robert Peel Sound," and of "Cape Albert Markham," "McClintock," "Sybil Montefiore," and those of islands, "Mary Elizabeth" after his own mother; "Scott Keltie," but lastly, that of "Frithiof Nansen," happily associated with this nomenclature of the Franz Josef Land archipelago by the Norwegian explorer's descent upon its shores. Henceforth, being so far made acquainted with what is undeniably proved to be "the most important body of water in this part of the Arctic regions," to the north of the Old Continent; we may anticipate a corresponding extension of the general scope of Arctic exploring work on the other sides, or from other points of the circumference of the Polar Circle.



A BEAR SHOT BY MR. JACKSON ON THE ICE BEING TAKEN TO ELMWOOD.



THE JACKSON-HARMSWORTH POLAR EXPEDITION: THE FINDING OF NANSEN.

*From Photographs sent Home by the "Windward" to Mr. Alfred Harmsworth.*



DR. NANSEN AS HE WAS PHOTOGRAPHED BY MR. JACKSON IMMEDIATELY AFTER THEIR FIRST MEETING ON THE ICE.



LIEUTENANT JOHANSEN AS HE APPEARED ON REACHING ELMWOOD.



MR. JACKSON AND DR. NANSEN SHOOTING LOOMS ON THE CLIFFS OF CAPE FLORA.



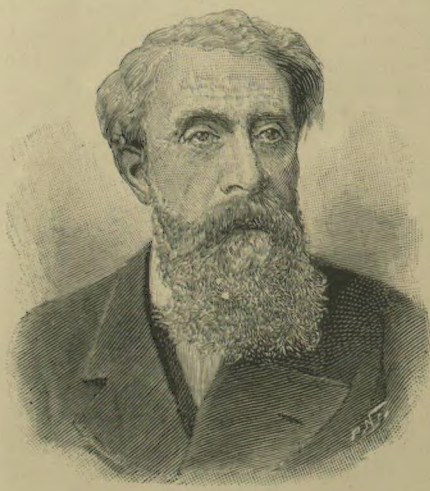
## PERSONAL.

The new Ambassador to Vienna, Sir Horace Rumbold, Bart., G.C.M.G., who has been Minister-Plenipotentiary at the Hague since about February 1888, is a diplomatist of more than forty years' experience, but hitherto usually at minor or second-rate foreign capitals, having, indeed, resided at St. Petersburg and at Constantinople as Secretary to the British Legation. His first appointment to the position of Envoy or Minister Plenipotentiary was in South America; Chili and the Argentine Republic were then his fields of action; at an earlier period he was in China. But he is an able, discreet, and persuasive negotiator, conversant, at any rate, with the general situation of European affairs, and some twelve years ago, when Minister at Athens, gained credit for successfully imparting to the Greek Government of that day a sound conviction of the inexpediency of going to war against Turkey. A prudent Ambassador is likely to be well esteemed in the capital of the Austrian Empire at the present crisis.

Sir James Linton's proposal of a joint memorial to Sir John Millais and Sir Frederick Leighton has not been received with general approval. There is no reason to associate Leighton and Millais in this way except on the ground that they were contemporaries, personal friends, and Presidents of the Royal Academy. In art they were far apart. Memorials are always ticklish things, but when they propose to combine distinguished men who are not really linked together they become impracticable.

Speculation is rife as to the successor of Prince Lobanoff. It is said that Count Kapnist is likely to be the new Russian Chancellor. He is little known to Europe, but he has been for a considerable period Secretary of Eastern Affairs in the Russian Foreign Office. The Czar is much perturbed by the loss of Prince Lobanoff, who is described by one who knew him well as far more friendly to England than is suspected in this country. He had a special admiration for Mr. Gladstone. This is interesting, but no one who has watched the course of our relations with Russia can say that Prince Lobanoff's high regard for English statesmen and the English character was very perceptible in the policy of the late Chancellor.

Readers with a taste for the history of the fine arts, which is a literary specialty, combining the talent for biographical anecdote with critical appreciation of the works of painters or other artists, must own their obligations to Sir Joseph Archer Crowe, whose death, on Sunday, at the residence of his brother-in-law in Germany, we notice with regret. A son of the late Mr. Eyre Evans Crowe, a sometime



THE LATE SIR JOSEPH ARCHER CROWE.

editor of the *Daily News*, who had previously been Paris correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle*, Mr. Joseph Crowe was led rather by circumstances than by inclination to become a journalist; for painting, with him as with his elder brother, Mr. Eyre Crowe, A.R.A., was the pursuit for which he had a natural

predilection. A safer road, perhaps, than either the use of the pen or the palette to fixed social prosperity was opened to him, when about thirty-four years of age, by a Foreign Office appointment, for which he was well qualified by his intimate acquaintance with the chief languages of Continental Europe. He studied and mastered the commercial statistics which since 1860 have engaged so much attention in that department of Government, and after holding Consular offices in Germany, became special attaché, for knowledge of such interests, to the Embassies at Berlin, Vienna, and Paris, and Royal Commissioner to negotiate some treaties of commerce. These public services continued for thirty-six years, were rewarded with the distinctions of C.B. and K.C.M.G. But true to his love of art, he devoted his leisure hours, in conjunction with Signor Cavalcaselle, to the compilation of books on the "History of Painting in Italy," the "Life of Raphael," the "Life of Titian," and other valued works, during the past quarter of a century, by which he has earned a good reputation among writers of that class. Sir Joseph Crowe, who was seventy years old at his death, married a German lady of rank, and has left children.

The Sanitary Congress has declared that milk is largely infected with the germ of tuberculosis. From forty to seventy per cent. of the cows are tainted with this disease, and it is strongly suggested that consumption is largely due to the practice of assuming that milk from the cow must be wholesome. Mrs. Percy Frankland's analysis of the average milk is enough to frighten any nervous consumer into a determination never to touch that seductive beverage again. She ascribes to it many of the diseases of infancy, and maintains that there is absolutely no safety in milk unless it is sterilised by boiling at a great heat. Ordinary boiling will not do; the milk must be exposed to a temperature of 140 deg. to 150 deg. Fahrenheit before the bacilli can be quite annihilated.

The Duke and Duchess of Marlborough on Saturday entertained at Blenheim a company of nearly two thou-

Madame Albani, Mr. Edward Lloyd, and Mr. Watkin Mills will take part.

Our lady readers, who are generally apt to shudder at the idea of Arctic expeditions, and cannot see the use of going to the North Pole, must have felt some compassion for Mrs. Nansen during her husband's three years' absence in the *Fram* expedition; but his safe return to Norway, and their joyful meeting again at the most northerly seaport, would seem to make amends to the claims of conjugal affection, besides the just pride she may feel in considering that her Frithioff has earned an immortal renown. It is pleasant to invite the readers of this week's *Illustrated London News* to look at our Artist's sketches of the husband and wife at Trondhjem, surrounded by admiring crowds of their own countrymen, receiving public honours, sitting at complimentary banquets, being greeted with songs and flags and cheers by a procession of school-children, and quietly enjoying a leisure hour in viewing the Lerfos waterfall, before they go to their own home, and to the splendid festivities awaiting them at Christiania, where Norwegian national spirit will put a crown of glory on Dr. Nansen's head. The lady who shares that home and receives her wifely part of those personal honours was formerly Miss Eva Sars, an eminent singer at Christiania, daughter of a Professor of Zoology; she married Dr. Nansen seven years ago, when he was Curator of the Natural History Museum at Bergen.



MRS. NANSEN.

There is likely to be a considerable stir on Oct. 21, the anniversary of Trafalgar. The Navy League has received promises of co-operation from a number of municipalities. There will be a demonstration in Trafalgar Square, and wreaths for the Nelson column, which is unused to such tributes. Probably not a single tribute of this kind has been offered to the monument of the old hero since it was erected. The drawback to this kind of acclamation is that it has no regular tradition behind it. A centenary celebration would be generally understood, but we are still nine

years from the hundredth year of Nelson's greatest victory. The historic imagination is not one of those qualities which the English people possess in a marked degree. They cannot feel the enthusiasm which is natural to the French, for example, over so remote a heroine as Joan of Arc.

The Marquis of Waterford really came of age on April 28, but the festivities in connection with the event took place only in the first week of the present month. There were great rejoicings at Curraghmore, the seat of the family in County Waterford. The highest to the most humble were there. The Beresfords gathered in great force, while at the other end of the social scale the workhouse children played merrily in the spacious grounds that surround the mansion. The event, of course, gained importance from the fact of his Lordship having attained not merely his majority, but his succession to the title, his father having died last October. As a member of the gallant house of Beresford, much will be expected of the young Marquis, and the best of wishes go out to him.

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Photo Mayall and Co.  
THE MARQUIS OF WATERFORD.

THE METROPOLITAN AND MIDLAND COUNTIES CONSERVATIVE ASSOCIATIONS AS GUESTS OF THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH AT BLENHEIM.

sand members of the Conservative clubs in the Metropolitan and Midland districts. The Duke made a speech, congratulating and encouraging them upon the political situation of their party.

The Promenade Concerts at the Queen's Hall continue to keep the popularity which attended their inception. So far, the selection of the programmes has been most judiciously supervised, and even the rain prayed for by the East London Water Company did not deter large crowds from assembling at the fine hall in Langham Place. There has been also extremely little vulgarity mingled with the better music that in the long run is by far the most popular even to London audiences; and the special "nights," each devoted to the works of one distinguished composer, have been admirably arranged. Wagner, as usual, has proved an immense draw, and it is to be recorded that Mr. Wood's excellent band has amply justified the confidence which the public evidently reposes in it.

The festival of the Three Choirs has been held at Worcester during the past week, and, according to all accounts, has been a considerable financial success. But at Worcester they know no such thing as novelty, and accordingly the Cathedral was crowded to repletion when such favoured dishes as "The Messiah," "St. Paul," and "Elijah" were served up to a delighted public. Madame Albani, Mr. Edward Lloyd, Miss Anna Williams, Mr. Watkin Mills, and Mr. Plunket Greene lent all their endeavours to bring the Festival to the successful issue which it thoroughly deserved. One new thing, indeed, was produced, Mr. Edward Elgar's "The Light of Life," and it seems to have attained the measure of approbation that usually greets the respectable and meritorious efforts of those decent composers who write just this sort of thing for English musical festivals. Indeed, it seems now to be fast becoming the rule that novelties should be as rare as possible on these occasions. At the forthcoming Norwich Festival little that is new will be heard, with the exception of Signor Mancinelli's "Hero and Leander," the book of which has been written by Signor Boito. In this cantata



## HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen at Balmoral, accompanied by Princess Henry of Battenberg and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, has received several guests to dine with her at the Castle, including the Rev. Professor Story, Queen's chaplain in Scotland.

The Prince of Wales has returned from Homburg, arriving in London on Saturday morning, when he joined Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark at Marlborough House. He went on to Fryston Hall, Yorkshire, to stay with the Earl of Crewe, for the Doncaster races. His Royal Highness will be at Balmoral to meet the Czar. The Duchess of York returned from Switzerland on Monday, and rejoins her husband at Glenesk.

The Irish Race National Convention, at Leinster Hall, Dublin, closed its proceedings on Sept. 4, under the presidency of Archbishop O'Donnell, with Mr. John Dillon, Mr. William O'Brien, Mr. Michael Davitt, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, and Mr. Edward Blake for its leaders. A convention of the Irish National League, formed of delegates from London, Mr. T. P. O'Connor presiding, was held on Friday at the same meeting-place in Dublin, and was addressed by other speakers, including Mr. John Redmond. Resolutions were passed and manifestoes issued.

The Earl of Cadogan, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, has been staying at Cork, being on a visit to Mr. A. H. Smith-

has been resumed unconditionally in Messrs. Dunsmuir and Jackson's yard.

The Trade Union Congress, attended by 342 delegates from 171 societies, with a million of members, was opened at Edinburgh on Monday. The Lord Provost of Edinburgh bade its delegates welcome to that city, and one of the town-councillors, Mr. J. Mallinson, was elected President. In his address next day, he said that he feared the recent Conciliation of Disputes Act would be of little use. He did not think a general eight-hours' labour Act could be passed in the next quarter of a century; but the trade unions should not wait for legislation.

The East London Water Company has given notice that the supply to consumers will henceforth be for nine consecutive hours every day, instead of six hours, as during the late drought.

A new first-class battle-ship, H.M.S. *Cesar*, built in Portsmouth Dockyard, was floated out of dock last week. The ship was christened by Lady Salmon, wife of Admiral Sir Nowell Salmon, the naval commander at that port.

Mr. Gladstone, in the grounds of Hawarden Castle, on Sept. 2 had a second assembly of amateur bands of instrumental music playing in competition for prizes. They came, upon this occasion, from Wales and the Welsh border; and Wrexham won the first prize.

Sept. 4, the deputies of the Christian populations in Crete signified to the Consuls at Canea their unreserved acceptance of the scheme of reforms proposed by the Powers and conceded by the Porte. The task remains of providing for the reinstatement of many thousand fugitive peasantry in their village homes, and for the repair of so much damage as has been done to their dwellings and their fields and stock.

The Spanish Government, having now to deal with an insurrection in the Philippine Islands, as well as with the Cuban rebellion, is making still greater efforts to raise and send fresh troops, and has ordered, for the increase of its navy, the purchase in Scotland, it is said, of a large iron-clad, a cruiser, and two torpedo-catchers; but we doubt whether those ships are to be bought ready built in Scotland at this moment.

In British South Africa, though we cannot yet record the final and complete pacification of Matabililand and Mashonaland, hostilities appear to have ceased with the chiefs and tribes who made their stronghold in the Matoppo hill district. One chief who held out, named Makoni, has been captured by a detachment of the column under Major Watts, and then attempting to escape by violence at Umtali, was tried by court-martial, condemned, and shot. Dispersed bands of the enemy, still in arms, hover about the roads to the north-east, but are being actively pursued.



THE CZAR'S VISIT TO SILESIA: THE TWO EMPERORS AT THE UNVEILING OF THE STATUE OF WILLIAM I. AT BRESLAU.

Barry, M.P., at Fota. His Excellency was received by Lord Bandon, the Lord Lieutenant of the county, and by Sir John Harley Scott, the Mayor, with the municipality and magistrates of the city. Lord and Lady Cadogan went on to Killarney. Mr. Gerald Balfour, the Chief Secretary, has been making a tour of inquiry in Mayo and Connemara.

A large assemblage of the troops of the Aldershot Division collected under the command of the Duke of Connaught for the Army Manœuvres, on Saturday, in the presence of Field-Marshal Lord Wolseley, Commander-in-Chief, gave an exhibition of a combat on the Fox Hills, on the road from Southampton to London by way of Farnham and Guildford. General Lord Methuen commanded the invading force which was on the march from Southampton, while General Lord William Seymour held the position on the hills to check the enemy's approach to London. The manœuvres were well executed, and received Lord Wolseley's approval. On Monday four of the divisions of troops, commanded by the Duke of Connaught, manœuvred against the fifth division, near the camp.

The annual Sanitary Congress of Great Britain, opened last week at Newcastle by the Duke of Cambridge, has been continued for some days, Earl Percy being the President; on Saturday its members enjoyed excursions to Alnwick Castle, Warkworth, Craigside, where Lord Armstrong was their host, and Tynemouth. Sir A. Noble, of the Elswick Works, delivered an address on sanitary engineering.

The dispute between employers and workmen in the engineering trade on the Clyde has been settled, and work

The Marquis of Dufferin, in Paris, on Monday last presented the letters of recall, as British Ambassador, to M. Hanotaux, the Foreign Affairs Minister of the French Republic.

The annual celebration of the death, in 1857, of Auguste Comte, the French "Positivist" philosopher, took place at Paris on Sept. 6, in the house where he lived. Mr. Frederic Harrison, president of the London Positivist Committee, delivered an address in French.

The main concern just now of Continental politics seems to be the possibility of good understanding between the German Empire and Russia. The Emperor William's speech on Monday at Görlitz in proposing the health of the Czar was a strong expression of sentiments more than friendly, even declaring that they were "in complete accord" for the protection of peace in Europe, and that the "youthful, knightly" Emperor of Russia would use his powerful army for no other purpose. There is a rumour at Berlin that the Czar will again visit William II. at Potsdam on the way home from Darmstadt about the middle of October.

The difficult and long-hindered combined diplomatic action of the Great Powers at Constantinople has at length succeeded, apparently, in forcing a satisfactory solution of the problem of Cretan government upon the reluctant Sultan of the Ottoman Empire, and inducing the non-Mussulman people of that island to accept a Home Rule settlement with a European guarantee, relieving them from oppressive and extortionate Turkish administrators, and from a soldiery employed to stand by the perpetrators of slaughter and outrage, as everywhere in Turkey, on behalf of the Mohammedan domination. On Friday last,

In America, candidates for the Presidential Election, on the Democratic party side, with different opinions about silver coinage, have much to say against each other, while their party seem to be losing ground in many of the States. Li-Hung-Chang has seen Niagara, has been entertained by the Canadians at Toronto, and has gone on to the Pacific coast, where he embarks on his voyage home to China.

The Belgian Baron Dhanis has been appointed, with increased powers, Governor-General of the Congo State, and "Commander-in-Chief of the Arab zone" in Central Africa, by the Administration of that State at Brussels.

The new Sultan of Zanzibar has, by telegram to Paris, apprised the French Government of his accession to the throne, and expressed his willingness to enter into friendly relations with France.

The Brazilian Government, through its Legation in London, declares that the importance of the recent quarrels between Italians and Brazilians at San Paulo has been very much exaggerated, and denies that the mission of Signor Di Martino to Brazil has any other than a pacific and amicable object.

Efforts are continued to obtain the release of the fifteen hundred Italian prisoners of war still remaining captives of King Menelek in the southern part of Abyssinia, six hundred miles from where they surrendered in General Baratieri's disastrous campaign. There are fifty Italian officers among them. Most of them are kept at work on the King's buildings, while others are employed in such trades or handicrafts as they may have learned; six are medical men or surgeons.



# THE CZAR'S VISIT TO SILESIA.

*Sketches by our Special Artist.*

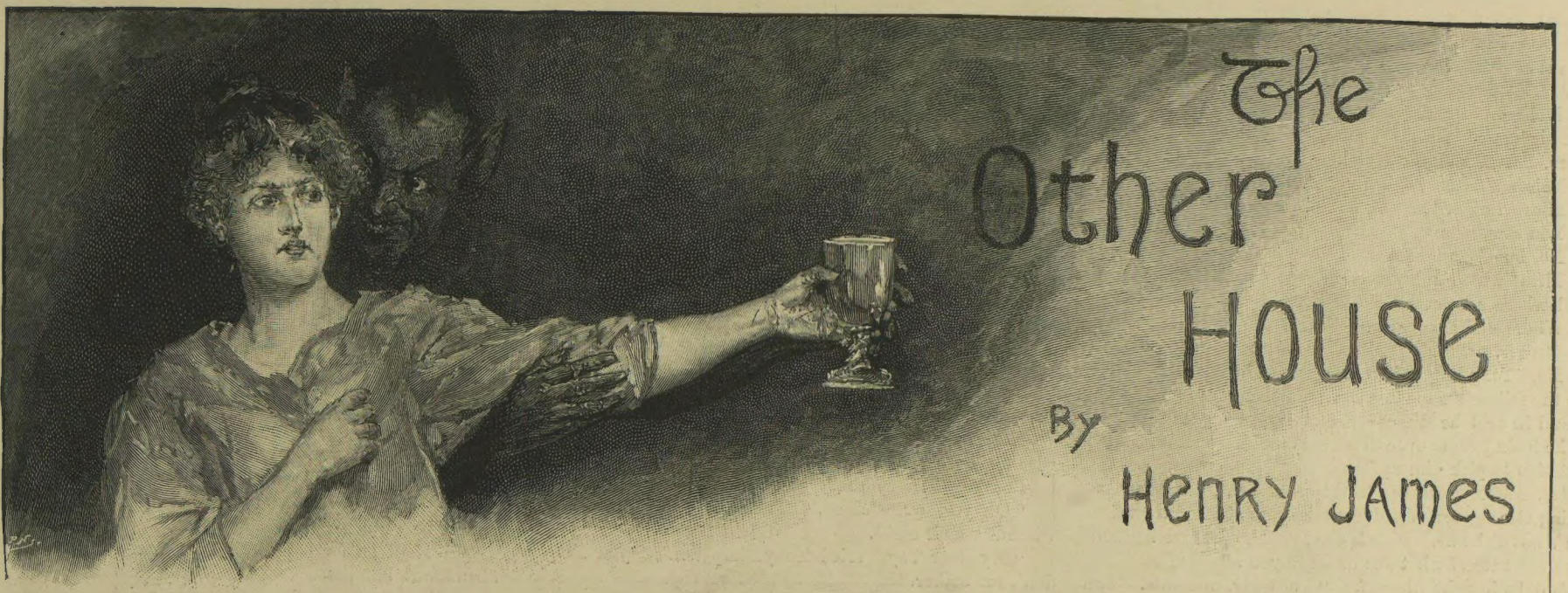


THE CZAR NICHOLAS AND THE EMPEROR WILLIAM ENTERING BRESLAU.



THE CZAR HEADING THE PRUSSIAN GRENADEIER GUARDS REGIMENT, "KAISER ALEXANDER," AT THE MILITARY PARADE, BRESLAU.





ILLUSTRATED BY WAL PAGET.

## XXVII.

The lady of Eastmead fronted her neighbour with a certain grimness. "She has seen him—they've patched it up."

Breathless with curiosity, Tony yet made but a bite of her news. "It's on again—it's all right?"

"It's whatever you like to call it. I only know what Paul tells me."

Paul, at this, stopped in his slow retreat, wheeling about. "I only know what I had just now from Jean."

Tony's expression, in the presence of his young friend's, dropped almost comically into the considerate. "Oh, but I daresay it's so, old man. I was there when they met," he explained to Mrs. Beever, "and I saw for myself pretty well how it would go."

"I confess I didn't," she replied. Then she added: "It must have gone with a jump!"

"With a jump, precisely—and the jump was hers!" laughed Tony. "All's well that ends well!" He was heated—he wiped his excited brow, and Mrs. Beever looked at him as if it struck her that she had helped him to more emotion than she wished him. "She's a most extraordinary girl," he went on, "and the effort she made there, all unprepared for it"—he nodded at the very spot of the exploit—"was magnificent in its way, one of the finest things I've ever seen." His appreciation of the results of this effort seemed almost feverish, and his elation deepened so that he turned, rather blindly, to poor Paul. "Upon my honour she's cleverer, she has more domestic resources, as one may say, than—I don't care whom!"

"Oh, we all know how clever she is!" Mrs. Beever impatiently grunted.

Tony's enthusiasm, none the less, overflowed; he was nervous for joy. "I thought I did myself, but she had a lot more to show me!" He addressed himself again to Paul. "She told you—with her coolness?"

Paul was occupied with another cigarette; he emitted no sound, and his mother, with a glance at him, spoke for him. "Didn't you hear him say it was Jean who told him?"

"Oh, Jean!"—Tony looked graver. "She told Jean?" But his gaiety, at this image, quickly came back. "That was charming of her!"

Mrs. Beever remained cold. "Why on earth was it charming?"

Tony, though he reddened, was pulled up but an instant—his spirits carried him on. "Oh, because there hasn't been much between them, and it was a pretty mark of confidence." He glanced at his watch. "They're in the house?"

"Not in mine—in yours."

Tony looked surprised. "Rose and Vidal?"

Paul spoke at last. "Jean also went over—went after them."

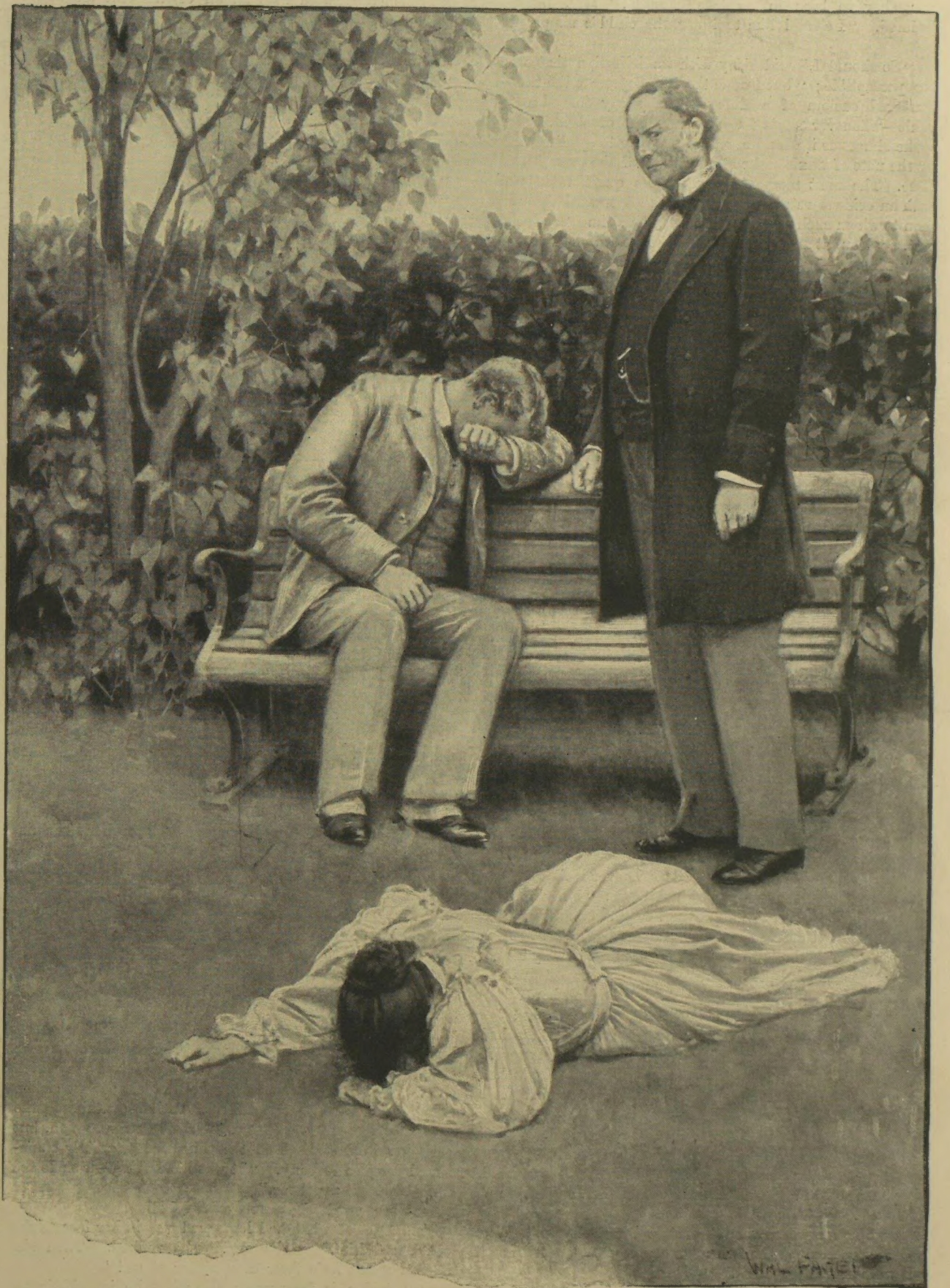
Tony thought a moment. "'After them'—Jean? How long ago?"

"About a quarter of an hour," said Paul.

Tony continued to wonder. "Aren't you mistaken? They're not there now."

"How do you know," asked Mrs. Beever, "if you've not been home?"

"I have been home—I was there five minutes ago."



Their companion, in a colder dismay, looked from one prostrate figure to the other.



"Then how did you get here—?"

"By the long way? I took a fly. I went back to get a paper I had stupidly forgotten and that I needed for a fellow with whom I had to talk. Our talk was a bore for the want of it, so I drove over there and got it, and, as he had his train to catch, I then overtook him at the station. I ran it close, but I saw him off; and here I am." Tony shook his head. "There's no one at Bounds."

Mrs. Beever looked at Paul. "Then where's Effie?"

"Effie's not here?" Tony asked.

"Miss Armiger took her home," said Paul.

"You saw them go?"

"No, but Jean told me."

"Then where's Miss Armiger?" Tony continued. "And where's Jean herself?"

"Where's Effie herself—that's the question," said Mrs. Beever.

"No," Tony laughed, "the question's Where's Vidal? He's the fellow I want to catch. I asked him to stay with me, and he said he'd go over, and it was my finding just now he hadn't come over that made me drive on here from the station to pick him up."

Mrs. Beever gave ear to this statement, but she gave nothing else. "Mr. Vidal can take care of himself; but if Effie's not at home, where is she?" She pressed her son. "Are you sure of what Jean said to you?"

Paul bethought himself. "Perfectly, mamma. She said Miss Armiger carried off the little girl."

Tony appeared struck with this. "That's exactly what Rose told me she meant to do. Then they're simply in the garden—they simply hadn't come in."

"They've been in gardens enough!" Mrs. Beever declared. "I should like to know the child's simply in bed."

"So should I," said Tony with an irritation that was just perceptible; "but I none the less deprecate the time-honoured custom of a flurry—I may say indeed of a panic—whenever she's for a minute out of sight." He spoke almost as if Mrs. Beever were trying to spoil for him by the note of anxiety the pleasantness of the news about Rose. The next moment, however, he questioned Paul with an evident return of the sense that toward a young man to whom such a hope was lost it was a time for special tact. "You, at any rate, dear boy, saw Jean go?"

"Oh, yes—I saw Jean go."

"And you understood from her that Rose and Effie went with Vidal?"

Paul consulted his memory. "I think Mr. Vidal went first."

Tony thought a moment. "Thanks so much, old chap." Then with an exaggerated gaiety that might have struck his companions had it not been the sign of so much of his conversation: "They're all a jolly party in the garden together. I'll go over."

Mrs. Beever had been watching the bridge. "Here comes Rose—she'll tell us."

Tony looked, but their friend had already dropped on the hither side, and he turned to Paul. "You wouldn't object—a—to dining—?"

"To meet Mr. Vidal?" Mrs. Beever interposed. "Poor Paul," she laughed, "you're between two fires! You and your guest," she said to her neighbour, "had better dine here."

"Both fires at once?"—Tony smiled at her son. "Should you like that better?"

Paul, where he stood, was lost in the act of watching for Rose. He shook his head absently. "I don't care a rap!" Then he turned away again, and his mother, addressing Tony, dropped her voice.

"He won't show."

"Do you mean his feelings?"

"I mean for either of us."

Tony observed him a moment. "Poor lad, I'll bring him round!" After which, "Do you mind if I speak to her of it?" he abruptly inquired.

"To Rose—of this news?" Mrs. Beever looked at him hard, and it led her to reply with severity: "Tony Bream, I don't know what to make of you!" She was apparently on the point of making something rather bad, but she now saw Rose at the bottom of the slope and straightway hailed her. "You took Effie home?"

Rose came quickly up. "Not I! She isn't here?"

"She's gone," said Mrs. Beever. "Where is she?"

"I'm afraid I don't know. I gave her up." Paul had wheeled round at her first negation; Tony had not moved. Bright and handsome, but a little out of breath, she looked from one of her friends to the other. "You're sure she's not here?" Her surprise was fine.

Mrs. Beever's, however, had greater freedom. "How can she be, when Jean says you took her away?"

Rose Armiger stared; she threw back her head. "Jean says?" She looked round her. "Where is Jean?"

"She's nowhere about—she's not in the house." Mrs. Beever challenged the two men, echoing the question as if it were indeed pertinent. "Where is the girl?"

"She has gone to Bounds," said Tony. "She's not in my garden?"

"She wasn't five minutes ago—I've just come out of it."

"Then what took you there?" asked Mrs. Beever.

"Mr. Vidal." Rose smiled at Tony: "You know what!"

She turned again to Mrs. Beever, looking her full in the face. "I've seen him. I went over with him."

"Leaving Effie with Jean—precisely," said Tony, in his arranging way.

"She came out—she begged so hard," Rose explained to Mrs. Beever. "So I gave in."

"And yet Jean says the contrary?" this lady demanded in stupefaction of her son.

Rose turned, incredulous, to Paul. "She said to you—anything so false?"

"My dear boy, you simply didn't understand!" Tony laughed. "Give me a cigarette."

Paul's eyes, contracted to the pin-points we have already seen them become in his moments of emotion, had been attached, while he smoked still harder, to Rose's face. He turned very red and, before answering her, held out his cigarette-case. "That was what I remember she said—that you had gone with Effie to Bounds."

Rose stood wonderstruck. "When she had taken her from me herself—?"

Mrs. Beever referred her to Paul. "But she wasn't with Jean when he saw her!"

Rose appealed to him. "You saw Miss Martle alone?"

"Oh yes, quite alone." Paul now was crimson and without visible sight.

"My dear boy," cried Tony, impatient, "you simply don't remember."

"Yes, Tony. I remember."

Rose had turned grave—she gave Paul a sombre stare. "Then what on earth had she done with her?"

"What she had done was evident: she had taken her home!" Tony declared with an air of incipient disgust. They made a silly mystery of nothing.

Rose gave him a quick, strained smile. "But if the child's not there—?"

"You just told us yourself she isn't!" Mrs. Beever reminded him.

He hunched his shoulders as if there might be many explanations. "Then she's somewhere else. She's wherever Jean took her."

"But if Jean was here without her?"

"Then Jean, my dear lady, had come back."

"Come back to lie?" asked Mrs. Beever.

Tony coloured at this, but he controlled himself. "Dearest Mrs. Beever, Jean doesn't lie."

"Then somebody does!" Mrs. Beever roundly brought out.

"It's not you, Mr. Paul, I know!" Rose declared, discomposed but still smiling. "Was it you who saw her go over?"

"Yes; she left me here."

"How long ago?"

Paul looked as if fifty persons had been watching him. "Oh, not long!"

Rose addressed herself to the trio. "Then why on earth haven't I met her? She must explain her astounding statement!"

"You'll see that she'll explain it easily!" said Tony.

"Ah, but, meanwhile, where's your daughter, don't you know?" Rose demanded with resentment.

"I'm just going over to see."

"Then please go!" she replied with a nervous laugh. She presented to the others, as a criticism of his inaction, a white, uneasy face.

"I want first," said Tony, "to express to you my real joy. Please believe in it."

She thought—she seemed to come back from a distance. "Oh, you know?" Then to Paul: "She told you? It's a detail," she added impatiently. "The question"—she thought again—"is the poor child." Once more she appealed to Paul. "Will you go and see?"

"Yes, go, boy." Tony patted his back.

"Go this moment," his mother put in.

He none the less lingered long enough to offer Rose his blind face. "I want also to express—"

She took him up with a wonderful laugh. "Your real joy, dear Mr. Paul?"

"Please believe in that too." And Paul, at an unwonted pace, took his way.

"I believe in everything—I believe in every one," Rose went on. "But I don't believe—" She hesitated, then checked herself. "No matter. Can you forgive me?" she asked of Mrs. Beever.

"For giving up the child?" The lady of Eastmead looked at her hard. "No!" she said curtly, and, turning straight away, went and dropped into a seat, from which she watched the retreating figures of her two parlourmaids, who carried off between them a basket containing the paraphernalia of tea. Rose, with a queer expression, but with her straight back to the painful past, quietly transferred her plea to Tony. "It was his coming—it made the difference. It upset me."

"Upset you? You were splendid!"

The light of what had happened was in her face as she considered him. "You are!" she replied. Then she added: "But he's finer than either of us!"

"I told you four years ago what he is. He's all right."

"Yes," said Rose—"he's all right. And I am—now," she went on. "You've been good to me." She put out her hand. "Good-bye."

"Good-bye? You're going?"

"He takes me away."

"But not to-night!"—Tony's native kindness, expressed in his inflection, felt that it could now risk almost all the forms he essentially liked.

From the depth of Rose's eyes peeped a distracted, ironic sense of this. But she said with all quietude: "To-morrow early. I may not see you."

"Don't be absurd!" laughed Tony.

"Ah, well—if you will!" She stood a moment looking down; then raising her eyes, "Don't hold my hand so long," she abruptly said. "Mrs. Beever, who has dismissed the servants, is watching us."

Tony had the appearance of having felt as if he had let it go; but at this, after a glance at the person indicated, staring and smiling with a clear face, he retained his grasp of it. "How in the world, with your back turned, can you see that?"

"It's with my back turned that I see most. She's looking at us hard."

"I don't care a hang!" said Tony gaily.

"Oh, I don't say it for myself!" But Rose withdrew her hand.

Tony put both his own into his pockets. "I hope you'll let me say to you—very simply—that I believe you'll be very happy."

"I shall be as happy as a woman can be who has abandoned her post."

"Oh, your post!"—Tony made a joke of that now. But he instantly added: "Your post will be to honour us with your company at Bounds again; which, as a married woman, you see, you'll be perfectly able to do."

She smiled at him. "How you arrange things!" Then with a musing headshake: "We leave England."

"How you arrange them!" Tony exclaimed. "He goes back to China?"

"Very soon—he's doing so well."

Tony hesitated. "I hope he has made money."

"A great deal. I should look better—shouldn't I?—if he hadn't. But I show you enough how little I care how I look. I blow hot and cold; I'm all there—then I'm off. No matter," she repeated. In a moment she added: "I accept your hopes for my happiness. It will do, no doubt, as soon as I learn—!" Her voice dropped for impatience; she turned to the quarter of the approach from the other house.

"That Effie's all right?" Tony saw their messenger already in the shrubbery. "Here comes Paul to tell us."

Mrs. Beever rejoined them as he spoke. "It wasn't Paul on the bridge. It was the Doctor—without his hat."

"Without his hat?" Rose murmured.

"He has it in his hand," Tony cheerfully asserted as their good friend emerged from cover.

But he hadn't it in his hand, and at sight of them on the top of the slope he stopped short, stopped long enough to give Rose time to call eagerly: "Is Effie there?"

It was long enough also to give them all time to see, across the space, that his air was disordered and his look at them strange; but they had no sooner done so than he made a violent gesture—a motion to check the downward rush that he evidently felt his aspect would provoke. It was so imperative that, coming up, he was with them before they had moved, showing them splashed, wet clothes and a little hard white face that Wilverley had never seen. "There's been an accident." Neither had Wilverley, gathered into three pair of ears, heard that voice.

The first effect of these things was to hold it an instant while Tony cried: "She's hurt?"

"She's killed?" cried Mrs. Beever.

"Stay where you are!" was the Doctor's stern response. Tony had given a bound, but, caught by the arm, found himself jerked, flaming red, face to face with Rose, who had been grabbed as tightly by the wrist. The Doctor closed his eyes for a second with this effort of restraint, but in the force he had put into it, which was not all of the hands, his captives submissively quivered. "You're not to go!" he declared—quite as if it were for their own good.

"She's dead?" Tony panted.

"Who's with her—who was?" cried Rose.

"Paul's with her—by the water."

"By the water?" Rose shrieked.

"My child's drowned?"—Tony's shout was strange.

The Doctor had been looking from one of them to the other; then he looked at Mrs. Beever, who, instantly, admirably, with a strength quickly acknowledged by the mute motion of his expressive little chin toward her, had stilled herself into the appeal of a blanched, breathless wait. "May I go?" sovereignly came from her.

"Go. There's no one else," he said as she bounced down the bank.

"No one else? Then where's that girl?"—Rose's question was fierce. She gave, as fiercely, to free herself, a great wrench of her arm, but the Doctor held her as if still to spare her what he himself had too dreadfully seen. He looked at Tony, who said with quick quietness—

"Ramage, have I lost my child?"

"You'll see—be brave. Not yet—I've told Paul. Be quiet!" the Doctor repeated; then his hand dropped on feeling that the movement he had meant to check in his friend was the vibration of a man stricken to weakness and sickened on the spot. Tony's face had turned black; he



was rooted to the ground; he stared at Rose, to whom the Doctor said: "Who, Miss Armiger, was with her?"

All her lividness wondered. "When was it—?"

"God knows! She was there—against the bridge."

"Against the bridge—where I passed just now? I saw nothing!" Rose jerked, while Tony dumbly closed his eyes.

"I came over because she wasn't at the house, and—from the bank—there she was. I reached her—with the boat, with a push. She might have been half an hour—"

"It was half an hour ago she took her!" Rose broke in. "She's not there?"

The Doctor looked at her hard. "Of whom do you speak?"

"Why, of Miss Martle—whose hands are never off her." Rose's mask was the mask of Medusa. "What has become of Miss Martle?"

Dr. Ramage turned with the question to Tony, whose eyes, open now, were half out of his head. "What has become of her?"

"She's not there?" Tony articulated.

"There's no one there."

"Not Dennis?" sprang bewilderedly from Rose.

The Doctor stared. "Mr. Vidal? No, thank God—only Paul." Then pressing Tony: "Miss Martle was with her?"

Tony's eyes rolled over all space. "No—not Miss Martle."

"But somebody was!" Rose clamoured. "She wasn't alone!"

Tony fixed her an instant. "Not Miss Martle," he repeated.

"But who then? And where is she now?"

"It's positive she's not here?" the Doctor asked of Rose.

"Positive—Mrs. Beever knew. Where is she?" Rose rang out.

"Where in the name—?" passed, as with the dawn of a deeper horror, from their companion to Tony.

Tony's eyes sounded Rose's, and hers blazed back. His silence was an anguish, his face a convulsion. "It isn't half an hour," he at last brought out.

"Since it happened?" The Doctor blinked at his sudden knowledge. "Then when—?"

Tony looked at him straight. "When I was there."

"And when was that?"

"After I called for you."

"To leave word for me to go?" The Doctor set his face. "But you weren't going home then."

"I did go—I had a reason. You know it," Tony said to Rose.

"When you went for your paper?" She thought. "But Effie wasn't there then."

"Why not? She was there, but Miss Martle wasn't with her."

"Then, in God's name, who was?" cried the Doctor.

"I was," said Tony.

Rose gave the inarticulate cry of one who has been holding her breath, and the Doctor an equally loud, but more stupefied "You?"

Tony fixed upon Rose a gaze that seemed to count her respirations. "I was with her," he repeated; "and I was with her alone. And what was done—I did." He paused while they both gasped; then he looked at the Doctor. "Now you know." They continued to gasp; his confession was a blinding glare, in the shock of which the Doctor staggered back from Rose and she fell away with a liberated spring. "God forgive me!" howled Tony—he broke now into a storm of sobs. He dropped upon a bench with his wretched face in his hands, while Rose, with a passionate wail, threw herself, appalled, on the grass, and their companion, in a colder dismay, looked from one prostrate figure to the other.

END OF BOOK SECOND.

### BOOK THIRD.

#### XXVIII.

The greatest of the parlourmaids came from the hall into the drawing-room at Eastmead—the high, square temple of mahogany and tapestry in which, the last few years, Mrs. Beever had spent much time in rejoicing that she had never set up new gods. She had left it, from the first, as it was—full of the old things that, on succeeding to her husband's mother, she had been obliged, as a young woman of that period, to accept as dolefully different from the things thought beautiful by other young women whose views of drawing-rooms, all about her, had also been intensified by marriage. She had not unassistedly discovered the beauty of her heritage, and she had not from any such subtle suspicion kept her hands off it. She had never in her life taken any course with regard to any object for reasons that had so little to do with her duty. Everything in her house stood, at an angle of its own, on the solid rock of the discipline it had cost her. She had

therefore lived with mere dry wistfulness through the age of rosewood, and had been rewarded by finding that, like those who sit still in runaway vehicles, she was the only person not thrown out. Her mahogany had never moved, but the way people talked about it had, and the people who talked were now eager to sit down with her on everything that both she and they had anciently thought plainest and poorest. It was Jean above all who had opened her eyes—opened them in particular to the great wine-dark doors, polished and silver-hinged, with which the lady of Eastmead, arriving at the depressed formula that they were "gloomy," had for thirty years, prudently, on the whole, as she considered, shut out the question of taste. One of these doors Manning now softly closed, standing, however, with her hand on the knob and looking across as if, in the stillness, to listen at another which exactly balanced with it on the opposite side of the room. The light of the long day had not wholly faded, but what remained of it was the glow of the western sky, which showed through the wide, high window that was still open to the garden. The sensible hush in which Manning waited was broken after a moment by a movement, over so gentle, of the other door. Mrs. Beever put her head out of the next room; then, seeing her servant, closed the



Mrs. Beever grabbed his arm. "Without the child?"

door with precautions and came forward. Her face, hard but overcharged, had already asked a question.

"Yes, Ma'am—Mr. Vidal. I showed him, as you told me, into the library."

Mrs. Beever thought. "It may be wanted. I'll see him here." But she checked the woman's retreat. "Mr. Beever's in his room?"

"No, Ma'am—he went out."

"But a minute ago?"

"Longer, Ma'am. After he had carried in—"

Mrs. Beever stayed the word on Manning's lips and quickly supplied another. "The dear little girl—yes. He went to Mr. Bream?"

"No, Ma'am—the other way."

Mrs. Beever thought afresh. "But Miss Armiger's in?"

"Oh, yes—in her room."

"She went straight?"

Manning, on her side, reflected. "Yes, Ma'am. She always goes straight."

"Not always," said Mrs. Beever. "But she's quiet there?"

"Very quiet?"

"Then call Mr. Vidal." While Manning obeyed she turned to the window and stared at the gathering dusk. Then the door that had been left open closed again, and she faced about to Dennis Vidal.

"Something dreadful has happened?" he instantly asked.

"Something dreadful has happened. You've come from Bounds?"

"As fast as I could run. I saw Dr. Ramage."

"He's with Tony? Then what did he tell you?"

"That I must come straight here."

"Nothing else?"

"That you would tell me," Vidal said. "I saw the shock in his face."

"But you didn't ask?"

"Nothing. Here I am."

"Here you are, thank God!" Mrs. Beever gave a moan. She was going on, but, eagerly, he was before her.

"Can I help you?"

"Yes—if there is help. You can do so first by not asking me a question till I have put those I wish to yourself."

"Put them—put them!" he said impatiently.

At his peremptory note she quivered, showing him she was in the state in which every sound startles. She locked her lips and closed her eyes an instant; she held herself together with an effort. "I'm in great trouble, and I venture to believe that if you came back to me to-day it was because—"

He took her up shorter than before. "Because I thought of you as a friend? For God's sake, think of me as one!"

She pressed to her lips, while she looked at him, the small tight knot into which her nerves had crumpled her pocket-handkerchief. She had no tears—only a visible terror. "I've never appealed to one," she replied, "as I shall appeal to you now. Effie Bream is dead."

Then, as instant horror was in his eyes: "She was found in the water."

"The water?" Vidal gasped.

"Under the bridge—at the other side. She had been caught, she was held, in the slow current, by some obstruction, and by the pier. Don't ask me how—when I arrived by the mercy of heaven, she had been brought to the bank. But she was gone." With a movement of the head toward the room she had quitted, "We carried her back here," she went on. Vidal's face, which was terrible in the intensity of its sudden vision, struck her apparently as, for an instant, an echo, wild but interrogative, of what she had last said; so she explained quickly: "To think—to get more time." He turned straight away from her; he went, as she had done, to the window and, with his back presented, stood looking out in the mere rigour of dismay.

She was silent long enough to show a respect for the particular consternation that her manner of watching him betrayed her impression of having stirred; then she pursued: "How long were you at Bounds with Rose?"

Vidal turned round without meeting her eyes or, at first, understanding her question. "At Bounds?"

"When, on your joining her, she went over with you."

He thought a moment. "She didn't go over with me. I went alone—after the child came out."

"You were there when Manning brought her?"—Mrs. Beever wondered. "Manning didn't tell me."

"I found Rose on the lawn—with Mr. Bream—when I brought back your boat. He left us together—after inviting me to Bounds—and then the little girl arrived. Rose let me hold her, and I was with

them till Miss Martle appeared. Then I—rather uncivilly—went off."

"You went without Rose?" Mrs. Beever asked.

"Yes—I left her with the little girl and Miss Martle." The vivid effect of this statement made him add: "Was it your impression I didn't?"

His companion, before answering him, dropped into a seat and stared up at him; after which she brought out: "I'll tell you later. You left them," she demanded, "in the garden with the child?"

"In the garden with the child."

"Then you hadn't taken her?"

Vidal had for some seconds a failure either of memory or of courage; but, whichever it was, he completely overcame it. "By no means. She was in Rose's arms."

Mrs. Beever, at this image, lowered her eyes to the floor; after which, raising them again, she continued: "You went to Bounds?"

"No—I turned off short. I was going, but if I had a great deal to think of," Vidal explained, "after I had learned from you she was here, the quantity wasn't, of course, diminished by our personal encounter." He hesitated. "I had seen her with him."

"Well?" said Mrs. Beever as he paused again.

"I asked you if she was in love with him."

"And I bade you find out for yourself."

"I've found out," Dennis said.

"Well?" Mrs. Beever repeated.



It was evidently, even in this tighter tension, something of an ease to all his soreness to tell her. "I've never seen anything like it—and there's not much I've not seen."

"That's exactly what the Doctor says!"

Dennis stared, but after a moment, "And does the Doctor say Mr. Bream cares?" he artlessly inquired.

"Not a farthing."

"Not a farthing. I'm bound to say—I could see it for myself," he declared, "that he has behaved very well." Mrs. Beever, at this, turning in torment on her seat, gave a smothered wail which pulled him up so that he went on in surprise: "Don't you think that?"

"I'll tell you later," she answered. "In the presence of this misery I don't judge him."

"No more do I. But what I was going to say was that, all the same, the way he has with a woman—the way he had with *her* there, and his damned good looks and his great happiness—"

"His great happiness? God help him!" Mrs. Beever

sky had faded and dusk had begun in the room. At last he faced about. "No—I saw something. But I'll not tell you what it was, please, till I've myself asked you a thing or two."

Mrs. Beever was silent at this; they stood face to face in the twilight. Then she slowly exhaled a part of her anguish. "I think you'll be a help."

"How much of one," he bitterly demanded, "shall I be to myself?" But he continued before she could meet the question: "I went back to the bridge, and as I approached it Miss Martle came down to it from your garden."

Mrs. Beever grabbed his arm. "Without the child?" He was silent so long that she repeated it: "Without the child?"

He finally spoke. "Without the child."

She looked at him as she showed that she felt she had never looked at any man. "On your sacred honour!"

"On my sacred honour."

She closed her eyes as she had closed them at the

He hesitated. "For what she might say to me. I told you, when we spoke of Rose after my arrival, that I had not come to watch her. But while I was with them"—he jerked his head at the garden—"something took place."

Mrs. Beever rose again. "I know what took place."

He seemed struck. "You know it?"

"She told Jean."

Vidal stared. "I think not."

"Jean didn't speak of it to you?"

"Not a word."

"She spoke of it to Paul," said Mrs. Beever. Then, to be more specific: "I mean your engagement."

Dennis was mute; but at last, in the gathered gloom, his voice was stranger than his silence. "My engagement?"

"Didn't you, on the spot, induce her to renew it?"

Again, for some time, he was dumb. "Has she said so?" he then asked.

"To everyone."

Once more he waited. "I should like to see her."



THE ADVANCE TOWARDS DONCOLA: KABBABESH GUIDE AND CORRESPONDENTS ON THE MARCH WITH THE CAMEL CORPS.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright.

broke out, springing up again in her emotion. She stood before him with pleading hands. "Where were you then?"

"After I left the garden? I was upset, I was dissatisfied—I didn't go over. I lighted a cigar; I passed out of the gate by your little closed pavilion and kept on by the river."

"By the river?"—Mrs. Beever was blank. "Then why didn't you see—?"

"What happened to the child? Because, if it happened near the bridge, I had left the bridge behind."

"But you were in sight—"

"For five minutes," Vidal said. "I was in sight perhaps even for ten. I strolled there, I turned things over, I watched the stream, and, finally—just at the sharp bend—I sat a little on the stile beyond that smart new boat-house."

"It's a horrid thing," Mrs. Beever considered. "But you see the bridge from the boat-house."

Dennis hesitated. "Yes—it's a good way, but you've a glimpse."

"Which showed you nothing at all?"

"Nothing at all?"—his echo of the question was interrogative, and it carried him uneasily to the window, where he again, for a little, stared out. The pink of the

beginning of their talk, and the same defeated spasm passed over her face. "You are a help," she said.

"Well," Dennis replied straightforwardly, "if it's being one to let you know that she was with me from that moment—"

Breathless, she caught him up. "With you?—till when?"

"Till just now, when we again separated at the gate-house: I to go over to Bounds, as I had promised Mr. Bream, and Miss Martle—"

Again she snatched the words from him. "To come straight in? Oh, glory be to God!"

Dennis showed some bewilderment. "She *did* come—?"

"Mercy, yes—to meet this horror. She's with Effie." She returned to it, to have it again. "She was *with* you?"

"A quarter of an hour—perhaps more." At this Mrs. Beever dropped upon her sofa again and gave herself to the tears that had not sooner come. She sobbed softly, controlling them, and Dennis watched her with hard, haggard pity; after which he said: "As soon as I saw her I spoke to her—I felt that I wanted her."

"You wanted her?"—in the clearer medium through which Mrs. Beever now could look up there were still obscurities.

"Here she is."

The door from the hall had opened as he spoke: Rose Armiger stood there. She addressed him straight, and as if she had not seen Mrs. Beever. "I knew you'd be here—I must see you."

Mrs. Beever passed quickly to the side of the room at which she had entered, where her fifty years of order abruptly came out to Dennis. "Will you have lights?"

It was Rose who replied. "No lights, thanks." But she stayed her hostess. "May I see her?"

Mrs. Beever fixed a look through the dusk. "No!" And she slipped away.

(To be continued.)

An official notification has been issued from the Foreign Office that all the territories in East Africa now under the Protectorate of her Majesty, except the Islands of Zanzibar and Pemba and the Uganda Protectorate, are to be administered under the name of the East Africa Protectorate. This includes the territories bounded on the north by the River Juba, on the east by the Indian Ocean, on the south by the German sphere, on the west by the Uganda Protectorate, and also all adjacent islands between the mouths of the Rivers Juba and Umba.



# THE ADVANCE TOWARDS DONGOLA.

Facsimile Sketches by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright.



MILITARY SPORTS: CAPTAIN ADAMS WINNING THE STEEPLECHASE ON PIGEON.



MILITARY SPORTS: THE CAMEL RACE.



## THE IRON GATES OF THE DANUBE.

By far and away the most memorable and the most lasting incident in the Hungarian Millennium Festival will be the opening of the famous Iron Gates of the Danube this month. Saturday and Sunday (Sept. 26 and 27) will be devoted to the ceremony, performed by the Emperor of Austria, attended by the Kings of Servia and Roumania. The name of Iron Gates, given by the Turks to signify an obstacle to navigation, or, perhaps, a *grille* of rocks, has occasioned a widespread misconception. Until we go there we are all convinced that the Iron Gates are a narrow passage through a great gateway of precipitous mountains. And the illusion is kept up till the last possible moment, for the steamer takes us through precisely



THE IRON GATES OF THE DANUBE.

the kind of scenery we had been led to expect—abrupt, overhanging hills, where the bed of the Danube narrows to about a hundred yards, and where the water rushes by with great vehemence and volume. Every now and then the river widens into a kind of lake, with no visible outlet through the high, surrounding mountains. But this is the Defile of Kazan, and it is only after passing Orsova and the island of Adah Kaleh, where a Turkish colony has, through some freak, been allowed to remain and delight tourists with a real mosque and real bazaars, that we come to the Iron Gates. The ancients considered them the boundary of the rivers Ister and Danubius; we may consider them the limit of the East and the West.

At low water they are a small wilderness of dry rocks, on which the local fishermen disport themselves. At the best of times the passage of steamers is a slow and troublesome process, and the waters present a strange appearance, with numberless miniature whirlpools effervescing in every direction and small breakers struggling against the current. Here we are approaching Roumania; the river is exceedingly wide, and the banks are lower, though as far as the Roumanian town of Turnu-Severin there are wooded hills rising on each hand, but gradually receding from the broad stream that flows on towards the Black Sea. Owing to the impediments of navigation for sea-going vessels, the Danube, excluding the part below Galatz, does not in its whole course bear more than three-fifths of the amount of merchandise that is borne by the Elbe. It is only navigable for steamers to Regensburg or Ratisbon, in Bavaria, which is, indeed, nearly fifteen hundred miles from its mouth. Its tributary rivers, the Save, the Drave, and the Theiss, are likewise ascended by steamers, the first to Sissek, 370 miles above Belgrade, and the Theiss, which is the second great river of Hungary, as far as Tokay, a length of 470 miles.

The various nations interested—Hungarians, Servians, Roumanians, etc.—are immensely proud of the new channel, which has been made laboriously and with profusion of dynamite. The whole work cost nearly £2,000,000, and no less than 60,000 cubic metres of pavement, 200,000 of stone, and 250,000 of earth were required for the dyke. There must have been considerable carelessness about the blasting operations, for some two hundred workmen have already lost their lives. It will undoubtedly develop the Danube traffic to a tremendous extent, for the inconveniences of the obstacle were very serious: it was often necessary to disembark all the passengers and luggage, and take them across either in small boats or by road. The Danube Navigation Company has already built a magnificent new steamer in view of the event, and the ceremony of inauguration is likely to be brilliant, as the German Emperor is to be present.

Those who run down to attend the function will find a delightfully varied neighbourhood. On one side is Servia, and the other Roumania, which, as much as any other country, repays however hasty a visit. Bulgaria may be reached in a few hours, Hungary in a few minutes. At least, Orsova forms part of the Hungarian kingdom, but there and a long way towards Budapest, despite everything you may be told by Magyar zealots to the contrary, the

people, houses, manners, ideas, sympathies, are all Roumanian. Whether or no the Roumanians in Hungary are badly treated is so complex and bitterly contested a question that it is impossible for us to pronounce confidently upon it in the space at our disposal.

What is certain is that the Roumanians are very plausible people, with charming manners and artistic costumes, and that they have the reputation (among Hungarians, at any rate) of being great rascals. The charm of the Roumanian dress over that of other nationalities is the combination of simplicity and effect. It consists, for the most part, of white linen, exquisitely embroidered with red and blue; and red and blue wool hangs, like a long fringe, from the girdles of the women to the edge of their skirts. All sorts of arrangements of sheepskin give a different but no less harmonious effect in winter. Orsova and its neighbourhood are dreams of picturesqueness, with deeper colours and more variety than Italy. But there are malarious mists, and they are as unbearably hot in summer as they are extravagantly cold in winter.

## THE BLUE BUTTERFLY.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

"No use!" Gwen Griffith said, looking up from her churning. "No use trying, Iolo! As long as old Olwen Llewelyn lives the butter won't come. It's the truth I am telling you. She won't let it set. The old crone has bewitched it!"

"That is ancient-time talk," Iolo answered in his native Welsh. "No sensible man believes in it nowadays." But, all the same, he looked curiously at the buttermilk in the churn and then turned half aside with a dubious glance towards Olwen Llewelyn's cottage. For he didn't disbelieve half as much as he pretended.

It was a rough-looking farm in the wildest part of wild Wales—an upland grazing farm on the bare flanks of a bald mountain summit.

It was shadeless and rugged, with stone walls for hedges, and not a tree in sight; only mountain ewes strayed sparsely over the close-cropped sward, and small, hungry-looking cows nibbled here and there at the scanty grass for a precarious living. No wonder the butter came hard from their poor thin milk even without any need for supernatural interference from Olwen Llewelyn's bewitchment!

"'Tis strange," Iolo muttered, gazing afresh at the churn, where it stood in the open space in front of the stone lintel. "But there's no truth in this witchcraft; though, to be sure, Mr. Evans at Llanrhaidr was telling me the day they'll have got up societies to look into it in London. And 'tis odd, for certain, that the butter will not come since Olwen Llewelyn's son went off to Africa."

"She can change herself into a hare," Gwen went on, "for she has the same power as Gwion the Little in the song. She can take what shape she likes when she makes her incantations."

"I don't believe it," Iolo answered stoutly, making up, like many of us, for the weakness of his conviction by the strength of his asseveration. "There's no truth in this business. Though, 'tis true, we do read of the Witch of Endor."

As he spoke, the door of the little cottage opened, and a feeble old woman tottered out of it with difficulty. To you or me a sad old soul she would seem, with pain in every joint and little sight in her bleared eyes; but to those old-world folk on that remote hillside she was a terrible creature, to be feared and avoided. She groped her way across the field towards where Gwen was standing.



THE IRON GATES OF THE DANUBE: THE WORK IN THE SHIP CANAL.

"A good morning to you, my dear," she said, leaning on her stick and muttering half inaudibly. Gwen regarded her askance.

"A good morning to yourself, Granny," she answered, none the better pleased for seeing her, yet afraid to win a grudge from so powerful a person. You may hate a witch, but you must keep on good terms with her.

"Churning?" the old woman asked, peering down at the barrel.

"It is yourself that knows," Gwen answered peevishly, with a common Welsh form of assent, cloaked as politeness.

"Butter won't come?" old Olwen continued, not knowing on what dangerous ground she was treading.

"How should it be coming, Olwen Llewelyn," Gwen Griffith answered, "when some wicked old hag has bewitched the buttermilk?"

"Ha! ha! ha!" the old woman answered. "That was so from of old. I mind it when myself was at work on the churning. The fairies' children can bewitch the churns. And 'tis plenty of fairy-born folk that there are at Llanrhaidr."

"People were saying your own mother was fairy-born," Gwen ventured, after a pause, though Iolo bit his lip at her.

"People were saying what was not," the old woman answered with an angry little flash. "The blood of the fairies was never in Gladys Jones's veins, that was my good mother. Let me try at your butter!" And she took a turn at the handle.

Gwen stood away, half doubtful. Olwen churned and muttered. Spells, no doubt, Gwen thought. In a minute or two the butter came. The old woman peered down into it with the close stare of the half-blind.

"There! Who says it's bewitched?" she asked, in triumph. "It is yourself, Gwen Griffith, who know not the art and craft of butter-making."

But Gwen, for her part, was surer than ever, after that, that Olwen was a witch; for while she hovered about with her witchcraft the butter would not come; but when she frankly retired from her opposition and took a turn at the barrel with her feeble old arms—why, against all reason, it set immediately.

Olwen hobbled back to her hut, muttering to herself as she went. Gwen turned to Iolo.

"While I churn," she said viciously, "a big blue butterfly comes and hovers over my head. As long as the butterfly's there, the butter will not come. But when Olwen Llewelyn opened her door just now the butterfly disappeared. 'Tis my belief 'tis herself, changed to do her enchantments!"

"People were saying 'tis folly to believe in such things in an age of progress," Iolo answered, shrugging his shoulders. He had picked up the phrase from the *Cambrian News*; for the popular superstition that this is an age of progress has penetrated even those wild Welsh uplands.

Progress or not, when the next week's churning came, Gwen determined to watch for the mysterious blue butterfly. Sure enough, no sooner had she begun to churn than, attracted perhaps by the smell of the cream, it sailed up from windward. For a while it hovered over the churn, with that circling flight peculiar to butterflies.

"'Tis here, Iolo—'tis here!" Gwen cried aloud, in superstitious terror.

Iolo came out to see, and gazed at the pretty insect with strange awe; but, being a mere man, affected to despise it; for men have not, like women, the courage of their superstitions.

"The butter won't come!" Gwen cried out peevishly, at last. "I knew it wouldn't! 'Tis all the butterfly! Kill it, Iolo, kill it!"

As she spoke, Iolo snatched up a cloth that lay on the rough wooden bench by the farmhouse door, and, leaping up into the air, made a wild dash at the butterfly. He hit it, he felt sure; he could feel it was struck; he crushed and maimed it; but when he came to look for it next moment in the cloth not a sign was to be seen of it.

He gazed at Gwen; Gwen gazed back at him with a strange sense of weird surprise. "Gone!" she cried, looking hard for it. A cold chill broke over her.

"Gone!" Iolo echoed.

For some seconds neither spoke; then Gwen opened the churn cautiously. "It has come!" she murmured in an awe-struck voice. "I thought as much; we have frightened her out of her bewitchments!"

Before the words were out of her mouth the door of old Olwen Llewelyn's cottage opened suddenly, and a child came out, running and crying piteously.

"'Tis old Olwen's grandson," Gwen exclaimed with a sinking throat; "the son of the son that has gone away to Africa."

The child rushed up to them terror-stricken. "Come, come!" he said seizing Gwen's dress; "come away—to Granny!"

"What is the matter?" Gwen asked, the eerie feeling growing stronger and ever stronger upon her.

"I—I don't know," the child answered. "But, oh, she's dying—she looks just terrible! I was standing in the cottage, when all of a sudden the back door opened, and Granny tumbled in, panting and sobbing like one dying. And she's holding her heart with her hand, and I don't know what's the matter."

Gwen looked hard at Iolo. "We have killed her," she whispered, somewhat horrified at the idea—for a churning of butter!

They ran across to the cottage. There the old woman lay stretched on her bed, breathing hard and gasping, and holding her side, as if someone had struck her.

"How did it happen?" Iolo asked. But the old woman was past speaking. She just turned her imploring eyes on him and never uttered a word. To this day, Iolo says, he feels like a murderer.

"Cause of death—valvular disease of the heart, supervening on a shock." That was the doctor's prosaic official report. He was of opinion, further, that Olwen Llewelyn had slipped in crossing the stepping-stones behind her hut, and, recovering her balance with difficulty, had died almost at once of excitement and terror. But nobody ever saw the blue butterfly again; and all Llanrhaidr firmly believes even now that Iolo Griffith killed Olwen Llewelyn, in her transformed shape as the big blue butterfly, with a blow from a cloth; and that she had only just time to return to her hut by the back door and die in her bed like a Christian—in default of which, had she died in witch's guise, the powers of evil would infallibly have claimed her.

And Iolo, who is a stone-mason as well as a farmer, has carved her tombstone in part reparation; for though he believes it is a good thing to kill a witch, in accordance with the Scriptures, he has an awkward sense that 'twas he who orphaned Olwen Llewelyn's grandson, when he dashed with the cloth at the big blue butterfly.



## RETURN OF DR. NANSEN'S NORTH POLE EXPEDITION.

Facsimile Sketches by our Special Artist, Mr. A. Forestier.

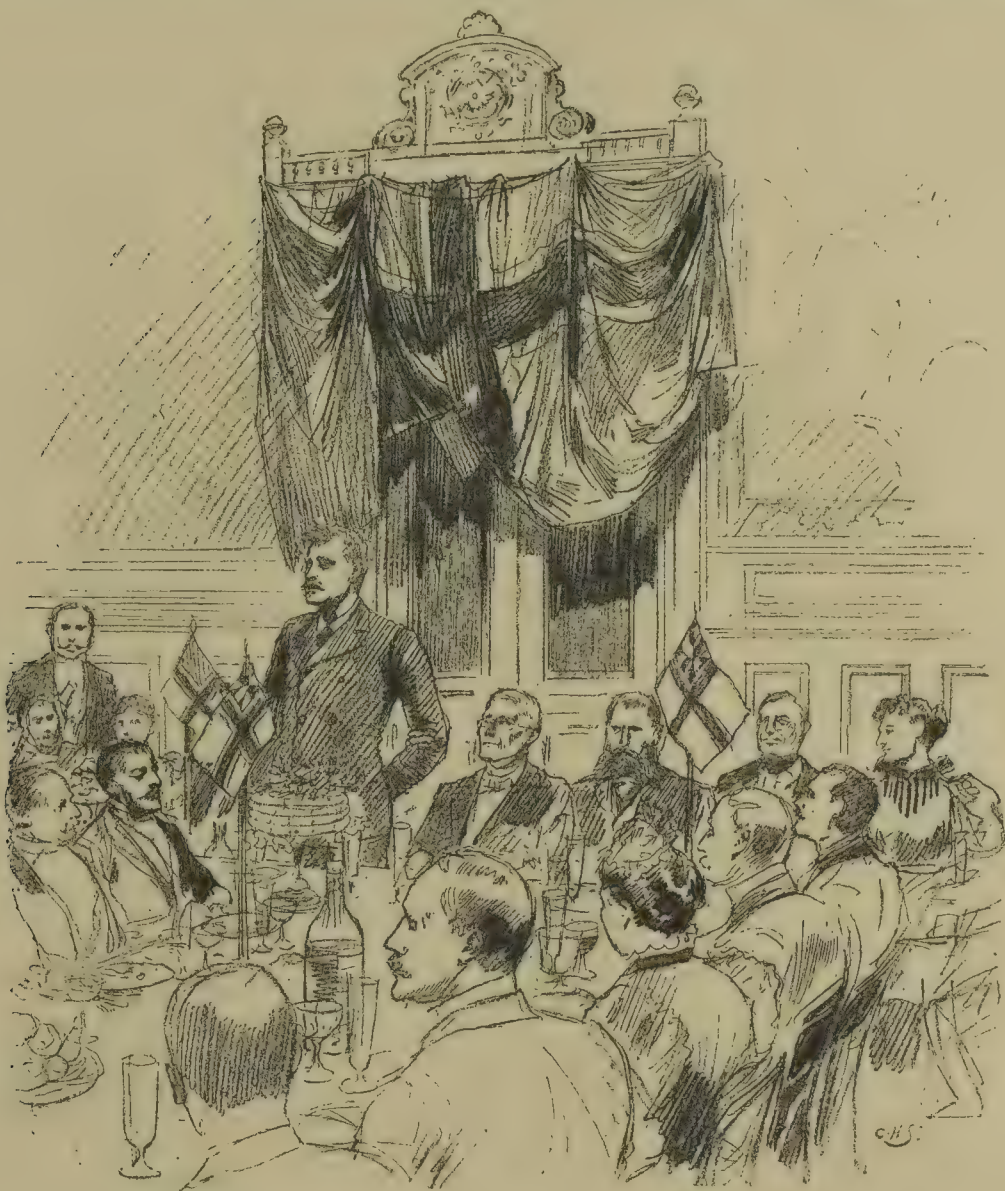
Until Dr. Nansen has had time for preparing and publishing his detailed narrative, which we hope will also be personally communicated by him to the British Association of Science, little can be added to the facts already made known since his arrival on Aug. 13 at Vardö, and his meeting there, by a singularly fortunate coincidence, with

among the numerous straits of the intricate archipelago north of America, blocking up the "North-west Passage" to ordinary navigation. Dr. Nansen's recent observations, tending to prove the regularity and persistency of the circular sea-current around the Pole, if supplemented hereafter by data for an approximate estimate of the mass

and its rate of motion, would therefore seem likely to be very useful for calculations with regard to British meteorology. We can almost fancy, at some future time, the establishment of an observatory station on Franz Josef Land or at some other convenient point, to

straight towards the North Pole. To have approached it within 226 miles is a grand feat of enterprise, and leaves no doubt, as we think, of the feasibility of reaching the Pole in a future attempt; for if there be a revolving current there must naturally be thick ice, closely packed, always held in the centre, and men will be able to walk over that ice in safety. But the latter part of Dr. Nansen's course, from April to August last year, travelling south-westward to Franz Josef Land, is equally valuable in contributing to geographical knowledge; and the adventures of those two hardy Norsemen, with the hard life they endured in their winter quarters on that inhospitable shore, until relieved by the members of the Jackson-Harmsworth expedition on June 13, have excited the liveliest interest.

From Vardö, in the Varangerfjord, on the farthest Lapland frontier of Norway, where the *Windward* happily landed these brave Norwegians on the shore of their own country, to be greeted with due honours and the warmest congratulations by many English and foreign admirers, they re-embarked for their return southward and homeward on board the *Otaria*, Sir George Baden-Powell's steam-yacht. That vessel proceeded round the North Cape and by Hammerfest to Tromsø, a small fishing town near



RECEPTION BANQUET AT THE BRITANNIA HOTEL, TRONDHJEM, NORWAY.

the members of several other Arctic expeditions. His reception by his fellow-countrymen at the towns of Tromsø and Trondhjem, to which he was conveyed in Sir George Baden-Powell's yacht *Otaria*, is shown in our Illustrations. All nations of Europe and America may well be content that Norway and Sweden have earned so good a share of recent honours in the pursuit of researches which were begun exactly three hundred years ago by the Dutch explorers of Nova Zembla, reaching latitude 80 deg. North, and which English, Russian, Danish, Austrian, and German navigators, and those of the United States, have prosecuted in the nineteenth century with a noble emulation.

Unreflecting persons may hint a doubt of the utility of visiting and describing the locality, whether it be land or water, of that particular geographical point, at the axis of rotation for our terrestrial globe, towards which the degrees of latitude are measured from the Equator. It may seem to them an unnecessary practical verification of a term which is mathematically certain; but the real advantages of acquiring a correct knowledge, not of the North Pole itself, but of the region immediately surrounding it, the Polar Circle, cannot fail to be highly valuable to the welfare of mankind. Among the most desirable and beneficial scientific information at the present day is that of meteorology, which depends much for us on the ocean currents and ice-movements of the Arctic region, and in which the British islands, with their marine situation and their changeable seasons and weather, are more interested than any other country.

It now appears to be a very probable conjecture, since Dr. Nansen, having made his way over the ice to latitude 86 deg. 25 min., has found no indications of land, and the sea there becomes much deeper than was expected, while the drift of the ice is steadily westward, that the Polar region is a space of water occupied by a slow eddy with a movement contrary to that of the rotation of the globe. To the north of the almost unbroken Siberian coast, and beyond the Liakhoff or New Siberian isles, Nova Zembla, and Franz Josef Land, there is nothing to divert this Arctic Ocean current; and round the coast of Norway it may be encountered by the Gulf Stream and so prevented from approaching Western Europe; but it must somewhat influence the weather in the North Atlantic, occasionally affecting Great Britain. The chief outlets, however, of this mass of cold water to the south are found down both the eastern and western coasts of Greenland, whence it carries icebergs detached from the glaciers of that mountainous country, and further

theme of comment is afforded by the heroic exploit of Dr. Nansen and Lieutenant Johansen in their ice-march of 630 miles, reckoned altogether, from their quitting the *Fram* on March 14, 1895, with their sledges and teams of dogs, their two small "kayaks" or light portable canoes, and their "skies" or Norwegian snow-shoes, intent on walking

record, forecast, and report—perhaps by submarine telegraph—the condition and prospects of the Arctic region.

The utilitarian importance of such knowledge is so obvious to the least scientific mind that nothing more need here be said about it; and a more popular

Senjen Island, and thence, at the end of August, arrived at Trondhjem, a place of considerable renown in ancient history, formerly the capital of Norway and the archiepiscopal see which directed the extension of Christianity over all shores occupied by Norsemen. The town has a population of nearly 25,000, a thriving trade, and good accommodation for visitors at the Britannia Hotel. Dr. and Mrs. Nansen—that lady having joined her husband some days before—were received with enthusiastic tokens of admiring affection by all classes of society at Trondhjem. Our Special Artist, Mr. A. Forestier, who had been despatched to Norway in anticipation of these gratifying scenes, has furnished us with illustrations of the landing at the quay, the banquet given in honour of Dr. Nansen at the hotel above named, where he made a brief, modest, simple speech of thanks for so much kindness, and the procession of two thousand school-children, with flags, whom he also addressed from the steps of the hotel. During their stay at Trondhjem, Dr. Nansen and his wife, amidst other friendly attentions, were taken to enjoy a little excursion to the neighbouring waterfalls, the greater and lesser, called the Lerfos, which are quite well worth seeing, though far surpassed by other cataracts and cascades in Norway.



DR. AND MRS. NANSEN LEAVING TRONDHJEM.



THE CROWD IN THE HARBOUR AT TRONDHJEM CHEERING DR. NANSEN.





RETURN OF DR. NANSEN'S NORTH POLE EXPEDITION: ARRIVAL AT TROMSÖ, NORWAY.

*From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. A. Forester.*



## LITERATURE.

## MR. BARING-GOULD'S NEW VOLUME.

Mr. Baring-Gould is at once versatile and inexhaustible. You might almost apply to him not only Johnson's hackneyed compliment to Goldsmith, "Qui nullum fere scribendi," etc.; but even the King's compliment to Johnson, "I do not think you borrow much from anybody," said Farmer George. "I think, your Majesty, I've already done my part as a writer." "I should have thought so too," rejoined the King, "if you had not written so well." Certainly Mr. Baring-Gould has written much and well and variously without either borrowing from others or repeating himself. In his last book of short stories, *Dartmoor Idylls* (Methuen and Co.), he has indeed occasionally borrowed—but only from local tradition—the dry bones he makes live for us; for "Ephraim's Pinch" is historical, and the gruesome story of the corpse salted down in the chest which the guest discovered in his bed-room, is a legend of the "Warren Inn." Upon his mentioning his discovery next morning at breakfast, his hostess exclaimed carelessly, "Oh, it's only old vayther. The frost be that hard, the snow that deep, us can't carr'n yet awhile to Lydford Churchyard to bury'n, so us has salted'n in." Surely, too, even Mr. Baring-Gould's imagination, which can be sufficiently grotesque, is not responsible for the burial of the blind hero of "Goosie-Vair" with a pipe stuffed with sage and onions slipped between the dead lips? Having dined once—on his wedding day—on goose, he had kept the anniversary of this marriage feast ever after by having a commemorative whiff of sage and onions out of his pipe; and his brother-in-law put the pipe thus charged between his dead lips in order that his sister at the Resurrection might identify her husband. "I thought I'd gi'e my sister a bit o' surprise and pleasure like. Her'll be walking in the heavenly gadding, and all at once her'll smell a snitch o' sage and ingins, and her'll jump up like, and say, 'Tes Goosie-Vair, and there be my Thomas Coleman havin' his pipe o' sage and ingins—sure as iver, it be he comin', and her'll run to the gates and be the first to welcome he—comin' along smokin' of his pipe.'" This obviously is an old story happily adapted and humorously dressed up by the author. It must not be supposed that all, or even most of the tales in the volume are of this grotesque and gruesome kind, since many of them are as idyllic as the title of the book suggests. By the way, it is as well to warn readers who dread consumption for themselves or for their friends that Mr. Baring-Gould's specific for it is not to be relied on. "It is said that consumption is unknown on Dartmoor. This perhaps is due largely, if not wholly, to the turf smoke—strongly antiseptic—that pervades every dwelling." But the Irish peat-burning peasantry are far indeed from enjoying this immunity.

## NOTES ON BOOKS.

After you have read *A Cornish Maid* (Hurst and Blackett) and begin in cold blood to count and weigh all the coincidences of its plot, you can recall nothing to parallel them outside that scene in "The Critic" where "a bill signed 'Tompkins, creditor,'" convinces the Justice—

No orphan, nor without a friend art thou—  
I am thy father; here's thy mother; there  
Thy uncle; this thy first cousin; and those  
Are all your near relations!

The author, indeed, flings coincidences about, like stage gold, in such unnecessary abundance that a Christian and surname given at random to a foundling turn out to be those that really belong to her! Surely truth is not so much stranger than fiction as the author contends: "But as to your name, Dolly, it is one of those things that only happen in real life; if we were to read it in a novel, what ridiculous nonsense it would seem, christening a waif from a wreck by its real name by chance. Who ever heard of such a thing?" There was no necessity whatever for this additional incredibility, but the author seems resolved to put the reader's faith to a Tertullian test: "Credo quia impossibile." But the strange thing is that his faith in the faith of the reader is warranted, since we accept all the improbabilities of this truly charming romance implicitly while we are buried therein; and only a cold-blooded critic, and he only in retrospect, notes their exorbitance.

We do not remember to have come across in the *Spectator* a single instance of a dog who could read, but we hope that when our contemporary has discovered that animal it will submit to its criticism its Mandevillian accounts of canine attributes, aptitudes, and achievements. We cannot help a suspicion that they will surprise the dog as much as Don Quixote's description of her surprised his Dulcinea. In a reprint of these *Spectator* articles, *Animals at Work and Play* (Seeley and Co.)—a really delightful volume—there is, for instance, a paper on the exquisite sense of humour possessed by dogs, which this literary dog, being a humorist, must enjoy. He will no more see how a setter showed a sense of humour in declining to retrieve a teal because it resembled a duck, or a black rabbit because it resembled a cat, than the reader can see the fun Sampson Brass found in Quilp's perversity. "He's extremely pleasant!" cried the obsequious Sampson; "his acquaintance with Natural History is surprising. Quite a Buffoon, quite!" On the other hand, our literary dog might well demur to a retriever's being denied all sense of humour because, upon his master shooting a bullfinch,

it retrieved instead a specimen of the only game it was used to—a rabbit. By the way, it is surprising that the author never heard of one of Carlyle's favourite butts—a tulchan bishop. "Cows," writes Mr. Cornish, "are so inexplicably dull of comprehension, that in India it is the custom to stuff the skin of a calf which has been turned into veal, and set it in the cow stable, which at once induces the cow to continue giving milk." Mr. Cornish need not have read Carlyle's "Cromwell" to discover that it was a custom in Scotland also, since this stuffed calf, or tulchan, was the popular Scotch nickname for those bishops who under the Concordat of Leith bought their promotion from Morton by consenting to let him and his colleagues appropriate the tithes of their sees.

*A Bachelor's Establishment* has appeared in Mr. Dent's fine edition of Balzac, translated by Miss Clara Bell, with Professor Saintsbury shuffling round in slipshod slippers as showman to the characters. Such helpful criticism as this: "His 'bachelor establishment,' though undoubtedly useful for the purposes of the story, might have been changed for something else, and his personality have been considerably altered, without very much affecting the general drift of the fiction," rather reminds you of Goldsmith's golden rule for a *cognoscento*, "Always to observe that a picture might have been better if the painter had taken more pains." The Professor never wearies of paying every compliment to a good style—except that of imitation. In all these prefaces to Balzac's tales, either through overwork or carelessness or contempt for his



Photo Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

## WRITERS OF THE DAY: NO. XIII.—THE REV. S. BARING-GOULD.

The Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould is one of the most remarkable all-round Englishmen of our time—squire, priest, antiquary, historian, theologian, poet, and novelist. Born in 1834 of a very old Devonshire family, he graduated at Cambridge and entered the Church, becoming in 1881 Rector of Lew-Trenchard, on the family estate. Thirty-two years ago he began his career as an author with "Paths of the Just"; since then the very titles of his works would fill a volume. He has dealt historically with Iceland; he has treated the myths of the Middle Ages; his "Lives of the Saints," which is a standard work, ran into fifteen volumes; he has written on the lost Gospels, and he has published many sermons. Some of his hymns are among the most popular in our churches. He is an authority on the history of France and Germany. Of late years he has won celebrity as a novelist. "Mehalah" and "John Herring" long ago marked him out as a powerful writer of romance, and "Court Royal" showed him to be an acute observer of modern life.

public, he writes like a schoolboy hurrying through a perfunctory letter home. What is to be said for either the matter or the manner of such criticism as this: "The book is an eminently characteristic one—more so, indeed, than more than one of those in which people are often invited to make acquaintance with Balzac?"

In reading Mr. Austin Dobson's admirable introduction to Messrs. Macmillan and Co.'s new edition—exquisitely illustrated by Mr. Hugh Thomson—of *Sense and Sensibility*, you cannot help regretting for the hundredth time that the incomparable Jane Austen should have been so grudgingly appreciated during her life. What are critics worth if they fail—

To look into the seeds of time,

And say which grain will grow and which will not?

To us to-day it seems incomprehensible that Jane Austen's rare power of interesting you in commonplace characters and of exciting you by commonplace incidents should have escaped, or almost escaped, contemporary recognition. But in addition to this there passed also unrecognised, to quote from Mr. Dobson, "her judgment, her nice sense of fitness, her restraint, her fine irony, and the delicacy of her artistic

touch." In right of such rare qualities Jane Austen is one of the few authors that those who love at all love altogether, and read and re-read with ever-new delight.

Dr. Hort was, at his death, Lady Margaret's Reader of Divinity at Cambridge, but he will be chiefly remembered as the present Bishop of Durham's coadjutor in the production of the edition of the Greek New Testament known as "Westcott and Hort." The two volumes of his *Life and Letters*, by his son, Arthur Fenton Hort, late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge (Macmillan), are intended chiefly for theologians and Biblical scholars, to whom may be added old Cambridge men, respecting whose University there is much interesting matter in Dr. Hort's correspondence. Even the "general reader," however, will find in Dr. Hort's letters, especially those from the Continent, much lively and graphic description, and his criticisms on contemporary literature display considerable breadth and delicacy of appreciation. He was among the very first to recognise the genius of George Meredith as a poet, to begin with. So long ago as 1851 Hort writes to a friend: "I send a scrap of Meredith; is it not sweet and perfect in itself as a song! Talk of Moore and Herrick! It seems to me more like Shakespeare's songs." He was a great admirer of Carlyle, much as he differed from him on matters theological. At the recent "inauguration" of Carlyle's house at Chelsea, one of the speakers asked whether anyone had read "Frederick the Great." Had Dr. Hort survived till then, it seems as if he would have answered the question in the affirmative. He tells a correspondent that he is "going on" with the perusal of "Frederick," and pronounces it "thoroughly good and interesting." In the same letter he speaks of its author as "the dear old prophet." And this when Dr. Hort himself was at work on the text of the Greek Testament.

*Wild Life of Scotland.* (John Macqueen.)—A charming book, charmingly illustrated, suggests the reintroduction into the—

Land of brown heath and shaggy wood;  
Land of the mountain and the flood;

of not only the reindeer and the beaver, but of the wild boar! In their own interests, too, as well as in those of the hunter, since farther on in the book Mr. Crawford makes, in perfect seriousness, the suggestion which was long ago put as an exquisite joke into the mouth of a jolly sportsman—that the fox enjoys the chase as thoroughly as the horses, hounds, and huntsmen! "There is no reason that I could ever discover why all the keenness of the chase should be confined to the hunter and the dogs. More probably it is shared in an equal degree by the quarry, when it is really wild, and not confined and cowed and tamed, till all the ancient spirit has gone out of it. The fierce gratification of gaining on the pursued is only equalled by that of gaining on the pursuer." And, no doubt, to tear or to be torn to pieces is equally enjoyable. We must accept on the authority of so keen an observer as Mr. Crawford that there is a truce of God among birds from tearing and being torn to pieces in the nesting season. Then "the female sparrow-hawk blinks at the sitting chaffinch and never thinks of picking her from the nest."

Certainly Mr. W. A. Baillie-Grohman in his *Sport in the Alps* (Adam and Charles Black, London) gives us a well-written and extremely interesting book, a book that many persons other than sportsmen will find pleasure in reading. He tells us in the preface that at the risk of being considered egotistical he has added a chapter containing some personal reminiscences of his boyhood in the Alps. Egoism of that sort nobody can object to, for the author merely records past adventures which he knows intuitively will prove of interest to the majority of his readers. In the body of the work he describes pleasantly and in graphic language the chase of the chamois, the red-deer, the bouquetin, the roe-deer, the capercaillie, and the blackcock, and he gives some sporting reminiscences of the late Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. The work, which is well illustrated, will be seen in every country-house during the shooting season that is just upon us.

Not at all up to date is the title-page of a volume recently issued by Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, and Co.: *The Wild Dogs Across Northern North America*, by Colonel W. F. Butler, C.B., F.R.G.S., author of "The Great Lone Land, etc." (tenth edition). It is more than a quarter of a century since the Colonel Butler of those days was ordered to British North America, some of his varied experiences of which he described in his well-known book, "The Great Lone Land," soon followed by the present volume. In the interval his has been a distinguished military record. He has had to cope with more formidable foes than Riel, the Canadian rebel and half-breed. He has fought against Ashantis and Zulus, as well as Arabs. In his "Campaign of the Cataracts," illustrated by his wife, the gifted artist who painted "The Roll-Call," he has told of the difficulties which he had to aid in conquering during the Nile Expedition for the relief of the martyred General Gordon. For several years he commanded the forces at Alexandria, and is now no longer Colonel Butler, C.B., but Major-General Sir William Butler, K.C.B. Many as have been his experiences, it is doubtful whether he has ever undergone more dangers and privations, more moving accidents by flood and field, than those which make "The Wild North Land" a book to be devoured by spirited, adventure-loving boys, and to be read with interest by their seniors.



## ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

Between fifty and sixty years ago the compass wherewith to navigate the high seas of matrimony had not been invented. At least, so said Heine, who, poet though he was, displayed, nevertheless, a considerably shrewd insight into the practical affairs of life. From a correspondence running its course in the columns of an esteemed contemporary, it would seem that science in its progress has by now supplied this compass, for each correspondent, no matter on which side of the question of "Early Marriages" he or she happens to fight, appears to possess the genuine article.

The correspondence itself is obviously the outcome of the so-called "silly season," when able editors apparently are in want of copy: although I for one see no reason why the subject, serious enough in all conscience, should not be open to discussion at all times. Not that I for a moment believe discussion to be of the slightest use. When two young people, or, for that matter, two people no longer young, are determined to throw in their lot together, the wisdom of the whole of the world's philosophers combined will not prevent them unless the adviser takes forcible means to oppose their union. Should the counsellor suggest postponement and travel in order to make the delay less bitter, the would-be Benedick or Beatrice is sure to reject the proffered remedy in terms similar to those in which Palmerston rejected a certain sherry as a cure for his gout. "I prefer the gout," he said after sipping the sherry.

Hence, on the face of it, the discussion, which has already filled many columns and bids fair to fill many more, seems simply so much waste of printer's ink and paper. The girl or boy, or the man or the woman, who is under the impression—I will not say delusion or hallucination—that life will be a blank unless it be shared by one particular person of the opposite sex, says to himself or herself and to all those who care to listen, "If it were done, it were well it were done quickly." Quoting Shakspeare as he does, he might be confronted with another quotation from the same source to the effect that "a young man married is a man marred"; for the correspondence professes to bear exclusively on the advantages and drawbacks of "early marriages." If the candidate for matrimony be illiterate, he or she will set his or her facetiously, vouchsafe no answer, and at once proceed to the nearest clergyman to put up the banns; if well read, he or she will quote from Sheridan or from Swift, but proceed to the clergyman all the same.

The author of "The School for Scandal" supplies the young fellow with the argument against waiting too long, for he is sure to quote Sir Peter's remark about the punishment of the old bachelor who marries a hoyden; unless he quotes the Dean of St. Patrick's reference to the "Sapling and the Oak." The young damsel is not quite so literary. She tosses her head, turns up her nose, and avers that she would sooner be "a young man's slave than an old man's darling." Both the young man and the girl, if they be fairly well informed, will vote Shakspeare's evidence "one-sided," inasmuch as he was forced into matrimony when he was eighteen, which is not their case, they will conclude.

Personally, I fancy that early marriages are a mistake under no matter what circumstances. I am inclined to think that young men of twenty-five and young women numbering several years less cannot have an adequate sense of the responsibilities marriage entails. If, in exceptional cases, they are blessed with such sense, the matter assumes even a more serious aspect, for under such conditions this sense of responsibility may be magnified to such a degree as virtually to hamper the man's career. He will refrain from great enterprises through fear of what failure may entail, not on him, but on those who are dependent on him.

For there is not the least doubt in the world that the career of many a promising youth has been nipped in the bud by an early marriage. The more fond he is of his wife, children, and home, the less ready will he be to "launch out." He will, unquestionably, be an exemplary father and husband, but the world will go short of the "something" he would have done had he remained single for another decade. His affection for his nearest and dearest will not diminish, but every now and again the thought will obtrude itself of what he might have accomplished but for his family; and the man must be a saint indeed who under such circumstances remains cheerful

throughout. The woman must be an angel who can keep the man to the required pitch of cheerfulness.

It will not do to shirk facts. In the majority of cases an early marriage means a large family. Only very recently a woman appeared in one of the metropolitan police-courts with a babe of a few months in her arms. The mite was the youngest of twenty-seven children by the same father. The eldest was a man of thirty-five. Insufficiently informed writers cried out that it was a record. It was nothing of the kind. Bulstrode Whitelock, the son of Sir James Whitelock, Justice of the Common Pleas and of the King's Bench in the reign of Charles I., had one-and-thirty children by the same mother. The author of the "Memorials of English Affairs from the Beginning of the Reign of Charles II. to the Restoration" was undoubtedly an able man; nevertheless Charles II. dismissed him from his Court and bade him go home to look after his numerous progeny. The mother of the Gracchi carried her jewels, her two boys, with her, and showed them to everyone. The jeweller who has too many valuable gems of this kind is too anxious for the safety of the stock to show them; and the anxiety prevents him from embarking upon probably profitable transaction.

## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

The problems of the feeding of plants have of late years assumed a new and interesting phase. Most of my readers may know that an ordinary green plant lives on water, minerals, ammonia, and carbonic acid gas. The ammonia, I may mention, in chemical nomenclature is styled  $\text{NH}_3$ , which means that this substance is compounded of nitrogen

noted to be an item in the plant menu. From ammonia, or its derivative, nitric acid, the ordinary plant obtains its quantum of nitrogen, the ammonia existing as an odd constituent of the air, while nitric acid occurs in soils. Having regard to the great ocean of nitrogen all round us in the shape of our atmosphere, it was but natural that botanists should inquire whether or not plants were able to tap and utilise this source of supply. Not so very long ago such an inquiry would have found a negative answer. In Sachs' classic volume on botany one finds the opinion that it is certain "that plants have no power of using the free nitrogen of the atmosphere for the production of their nitrogenous compounds." But there is a footnote referring to certain highly important experiments of Sir J. B. Lawes and Professor Gilbert which may very well raise a doubt regarding the finality of the conclusion arrived at in the text above it.

When Messrs. Lawes and Gilbert experimented on grasses, cabbage, cress, and turnips, they found that, apparently, the nitrogen of the air could not be utilised by these plants for food; but when they attacked like problems in connection with peas, beans, and other leguminous plants, the case was altered. Then it was discovered that these plants did show an increase of nitrogen, such as could not be accounted for on the ordinary theory of plant-feeding. Examination of the roots of the plants, which in these and other experiments had apparently shown a nitrogen-increase inexplicable on the accustomed lines of nutrition, demonstrated that the rootlets showed the presence of little nodules or masses. On the roots of the plants that had failed to show an increase, such excrecences were wanting. Still more interesting was the discovery that the essential features of these root-nodules were colonies of bacteria or microbes. The saying

about the lesser fleas which dwell on little fleas comes to mind here when we discover these microscopic plants attaching themselves to the roots of their higher neighbours. It is no case of germ-attack here, but rather one of what biologists called symbiosis—a kind of living co-partnership or vital co-operation. For, startling as it may seem, it is now known that leguminous plants can avail themselves of the store of air-nitrogen by which they are surrounded; and, furthermore, that the agents which enable them thus to utilise the aerial element are these very bacteria that dwell in the nodules of the roots.

The germs apparently enable the plant to fix (as it is chemically styled) the free nitrogen of the air and to adapt

it for absorption into their substance as part and parcel of their food. Now this discovery is in itself a remarkable one, but it appears to me that its practical application to agriculture is not less of a scientific triumph. Just as in the laboratory we cultivate our germs, to form the means whereby we defeat disease, so the bacteriologists have been enabled to apply their knowledge with the result of placing fertilising agents, in the shape of cultures of the germs of the root-nodules, in the hands of the farmer. A German chemical firm to-day is selling such cultivations of bacteria to agriculturists. The substance receives the common name of *nitragin*; and no fewer than seventeen varieties of bacteria can be obtained suited for increasing the growth of as many leguminous plants. The cost of "inoculating" in this way half an acre of land is estimated at about half-a-crown. Swift's extraction of sunbeams out of cucumbers, and the bottling-up of the extracts to be used "to warm the air in inclement summers," is often quoted as an illustration of a mock scientific paradox; but it seems to me that, in the way of pure science and in the application of that science to the advantage of humanity, we are nearly reaching a point compared with which the theoretical operations of the Laputa philosopher sink into comparative insignificance.

## THE RUSSIAN IMPERIAL YACHT "STANDART."

The Czar and Czarina, after visiting the King and Queen of Denmark, are to be conveyed from the Baltic to the shores of France and of Great Britain on board the new Russian imperial steam-yacht, the *Standart*, accompanied by three vessels of the Russian Navy, the *Polarnia*, the *Svezda*, and the *Tzarevna*, which will enter the ports of Cherbourg and Leith. For their passage across the Baltic to Denmark the German Emperor's steam-yacht *Hohenzollern* has been placed at their Majesties' disposal. On landing at Leith they will proceed at once by railway to Balmoral as the guests of our Queen without any public reception at Edinburgh.



THE NEW RUSSIAN IMPERIAL YACHT "STANDART," TO CONVEY THE CZAR AND CZARINA FROM THE BALTIC TO SCOTLAND.

and hydrogen in the proportion of one part of the former to three parts of the latter. The green plant, in virtue of its possessing *chlorophyll* or green-pigment, is able in the presence of light to decompose the carbonic acid gas it absorbs into its component oxygen and carbon. The latter it retains for food, while the oxygen gas is allowed to go back to the atmosphere. In the dark this action ceases, and the plant thus imitates the animal, in that it absorbs the air, retains its oxygen, and gives off carbonic acid, as does the animal itself. No doubt all green plants also absorb oxygen continually as part of their life-processes, but the above-described action of decomposing carbonic acid remains as a very characteristic feature of the ordinary vegetable world.

It will be noted that hitherto I have spoken distinctively of the feeding of green plants. There are other plants which have no green about them at all. Such are the mushrooms and others of the fungus tribe, as well as many lower plant-groundlings still. The non-green plants really feed like animals. They take in oxygen habitually, and give off carbonic acid; light and darkness being immaterial to them; and while they demand water and minerals, like every other living thing in this world, they despise the ammonia, and insist upon being supplied with organic or living matter as nutriment. This organic matter may be alive, or it may be dead and decomposing; anyhow our fungi resemble animals, in that it is a condition of their existence that living matter be supplied to them. Now, among the elements of the plant food there is one of great importance, and that is nitrogen. This element forms about three-fifths of the air around us, and it enters into the composition of living matter everywhere.

In the case of the plant, it demands nitrogen, of course, that it may form its living substance; and the problem to which I alluded at the beginning of our gossip is that of the sources from which the plant is able to draw its nitrogen supply. It is quite certain that the common source of supply is the ammonia which we have already



RETURN OF DR. NANSEN'S NORTH POLE EXPEDITION.



DR. AND MRS. NANSEN VIEWING THE LERFOS WATERFALL, NEAR TRONDHJEM, NORWAY.

*From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. A. Forestier.*



RETURN OF DR. NANSEN'S NORTH POLE EXPEDITION.



DR. NANSEN ADDRESSING NORWEGIAN SCHOOL-CHILDREN AT TRONDHJEM.

*From a sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. A. Forestier.*



## THE LADIES' PAGE. DRESS.

Why did I ever wander up to the northern heights of Scotland, where costume is merely a question of a tweed dress or a ball gown, and the ordinary autumn frock of novel detail, for which my soul hankers, is an unknown quantity? A further grievance have I in the desire of my friends for walking exercise: I detest walking, and the hills and the roads and the apology for grass on the fields, render this mode of progression even more displeasing than usual. The only real comfort I am able to glean from my present dwelling place is the food. Most excellent of salmon, most admirable of grouse, are mine twice daily, and I was ever of greedy disposition. I am wearing out all my boots, my skirts are too long, my bodices are too tight, and I am freezing cold. My only moments of joy are those spent in front of the fire before dinner, gossiping on clothes with my fellow inmates. I am living in company with some excellent shirts, however, none the less excellent because the weather precludes their wear. They are made of the finest batiste, with lace flowers inserted transparently all over them. They cost six pounds each, which, to say the least of it, is an elaborate price for a mere shirt, and they come from Paris. Yesterday I had a long letter from London, which told me of fashions in checks, that all the new tweeds show large plaids, and that some autumn models boast a skirt of one of these, a short coat of plain cloth and a very deep corselet. The belt is ubiquitous, its width varying according to the figure of its wearer. Canvas materials of the thickest and the coarsest are putting in their appearance; these mostly displaying two or three colours, violet, dark blue, and dark green being the favourite tints. The short loose-backed coat is trying its best to be recognised, but the best of the tailor-made gowns are on the simplest lines, with a somewhat narrow skirt and a coat cut on the shape of a man's morning coat. Up here we have all provided ourselves with Norfolk jackets, a very trying style to the waist of any but the slim, and a style which does not lend itself to the very thick stuffs. It is impossible to bicycle in my neighbourhood, and although I am doing my best to preserve that amiability of manner which should distinguish a guest, I am not really enjoying myself, but I recognise that I am having an excellent opportunity for wearing out my ancient evening frocks. A lace bodice mounted on net, with a deep white satin corselet and a white satin skirt, am I literally doing to death, whilst I am contemplating the charms of a dress in my vicinity which combines in itself the advantages of a tea-gown with those of a dinner-gown. This is made of black mousseline de soie, striped with narrow lines of fine jet, and falling from a square yoke of very superior lace, with tight sleeves



A MOUSSELINE-DE-SOIE TEA-GOWN.

of the same surmounted by double frills of the accordion kilted mousseline. It is very becoming to its wearer, who has just come here from Paris, where she tells me she has been admiring the Parisian coiffure, which, however, from her description does not sound at all attractive, consisting of a waved fringe in front and waved hair at the back of the neck, with a small tight knob on the extreme top of the head. Furthermore, she described to me an excellent coat and skirt in cedar brown, with a coat buttoning across with braid and square revers of black velvet, hemmed with white cloth. The charms of this were further enhanced by a lining of white satin, with an ostrich-feather design, interspersed with gaily coloured birds. The idea of a brocade with the interfering parrot disporting itself upon its surface distinctly appeals to me. A very attractive evening dress with which I am spending many hours weekly is made with a moiré silk skirt shot with blue and

pink and green, completed with a pale green chiffon bodice, high to the neck, and entirely formed of tucks run "contrariwise." This has a yoke, hanging in points to the waist, of cream-coloured lace, studded with beads and jewels matching the three colours of the skirt; and I have quite made up my mind, when I go to London—which will be next Wednesday, I most fervently trust—to have that bodice imitated in white chiffon, with a yoke of Irish lace studded with jet and steel.

The fashion which came to us last year from the Parisians of studding our lace with jewels has charms when used with discretion, and the topmost rung of the ladder of extravagance is reached when we use old rose point and stud it with real diamonds. I have seen a décolletage trimmed like this forming a delightful finish to a Princess dress of olive-green velvet; and, by the way, I have been informed on creditable authority that the Princess dress is to be allowed the privilege of adorning lovely and unlovely woman this autumn. Made in velvet or velveteen it is a delightful style for winter wear with some soft lace and some rich fur used upon it with discretion, and if we continue to wear capes it will be quite convenient. The ordinary jacket does not look well over a Princess dress, but a velvet cape to match lined with fur would complete an ideal costume. I have seen some new fur capes already this year, and these mostly boast cravats of old lace at the neck and a hem of fur round the bottom. Sometimes this hem matches the cape, but sometimes it is to be seen of a contrasting fur, sealskin and chinchilla or sealskin and sable being equally popular combinations. This reminds me that I am greatly longing for a fur cape at the present moment. It is most desperately cold up here, and I do not find a silken shirt in the daytime and a chiffon bodice in the evening, worn with silk stockings and lace petticoats, etc., suitable clothing for the Highlands. Alas! why did I not recollect that it is invariably chilly in the Arctic regions? But then I do not think if I were even bound to accompany Nansen on his travels I could dispense with my silken stockings. Vanity, one of your names is

PAULINA PRY.

### NOTES.

There could be no stronger illustration of the truth that the wisdom of one generation is the foolishness of another than the controversy, in which Mr. Balfour has recently intervened, as to the proper method of providing for pauper children. Nowadays, it takes courage for anybody to say a good word for what are scornfully described as "barrack schools," but fifty years ago those very institutions were the outcome of protracted philanthropic effort; they were the means by which the little children who "fell on the rates" were entirely removed from the bad associations of the workhouse in their tender years. It was reserved for the first woman inspector appointed under the Local Government Board, Mrs. Nassau Senior, to discover that the girls, at any rate, brought up in these huge union schools turned out badly; that they were rendered by the vast mechanical life of such an institution so incapable of the ordinary, less regular routine of a household that mistresses could not put up with these girls as domestics; and that then, finding themselves unable to earn a decent living, they were apt to "go to the bad." Mrs. Senior's counter-plan for providing for the pauper children was that known as "boarding out": sending the children who fall on the guardians' hands to live in ordinary cottagers' families, the "foster-parents" being paid from the rates for the trouble, and the children being sent to the elementary schools of the neighbourhood. It is obvious that the success of this plan must depend very largely on the characters of the persons willing to take in the children; and that it must be difficult to find a sufficient number of suitable poor homes to shelter and train to advantage the large number of pauper children. Accordingly, "boarding out" has been only adopted to a limited extent, and even to that degree has by no means proved an unqualified success. The children have occasionally been found dirty, bruised, half fed, and even worse has sometimes befallen them.

Hence the plan to which Mr. Balfour has given the sanction of his presence at the foundation-stone laying is yet another one: it is to establish villages or "cottage homes" for the express purpose of rearing generation after generation of pauper children, batches of six to ten, of varying ages, being in each house under the care of a woman employed as housekeeper, or, as she is more romantically styled, "mother." The cottages for this scheme are specially built, and the expense of maintenance must be heavy. Moreover, each county has already huge and costly buildings devoted to the purpose of housing the children in large bodies. One cannot help wondering how many of our pet plans for social reform are destined to be scouted, and how much of our expenditure on them is to be relegated to the category of waste, by the change of views of our descendants, in the same manner that the "barrack schools," once so urgently desired in the name of charity, are now despised and rejected by philanthropists.

There is a grim sort of interest in the record that the members of the Nansen expedition, after a certain period of incessant companionship, grew to loathe each other's company—not each other, mark, but the everlasting monotony of the same features, voices, and tracks of mentality. The returned explorers state that so strong did this feeling become that it was droll to see the men all setting off in different directions for their walk over the ice, each appearing to be animated only by the desire to get away from the others. So it is not only in domestic life that this unspeakable fatigue of the too-customary is experienced! It is the result of the dislike of monotony

natural to unregenerate humanity, and has nothing to do with the intellectual deficiencies of wives or the prevalence of domestic discomfort from female mismanagement.

Among the announcements of new books for the forthcoming season, Messrs. Abel Heywood's promise of an



AN AUTUMN COSTUME.

elaborately illustrated edition of Mrs. Linnæus Banks's novel "The Manchester Man" is interesting, as the preparation of this rather costly edition sets the seal of local honour on a book that has often been referred to as containing the best description of old Manchester and its life that exists. Mrs. Banks (who is now an old lady, but still writing well) has never spared any pains to make her books accurate from the antiquarian point of view, and her care to be as correct as possible deserves the recognition it has obtained.

A genuine grievance of that hardy and noble class, the British seamen, is the fact that they are badly fed, because proper cooks are not provided on board non-passenger ships. The Technical Education Committees of seaports have recently been doing their best to train men for seamen's cooks; and the *Shields Daily News* records a rare devotion on the part of the lady whom the Tynemouth Committee have entrusted with the task of teaching this subject to the men. Miss Bell has heroically arranged to take her holiday in a long voyage on a sailing trading-ship, so as to learn practically what are the sea-cook's difficulties.

"What shall I do with my bicycle when not in use?" is a problem that stands in the way of many riders. Messrs. Drew, of Piccadilly Circus, whose "five o'clock tea-baskets" for travellers have made them famous among ladies, have come to the rescue of the cyclist with regard to the stowage of the machine, and also with regard to packing it for travel. They have introduced "Drew's New Bicycle-Crate," a frame of wickerwork constructed to take the cycle just as it is in use, and to occupy as little space as possible to fulfil that end. The ends of the frame are rounded to the shape of the wheels, and it is only about eight inches wide, except just at the pedals, where it



A NEW BICYCLE-CRATE.

broadens sufficiently to receive them. The machine is lifted into the crate at the top, where a shaped board lifts out and then puts back so as to cover the handle-bar, and is strapped into place to make all firm. The crate is padded with felt where such protection is desirable; and small wheels are supplied at the bottom, so as to allow of its being easily moved. The aspect of the whole is neat and pleasant, and the bicycle can now be kept with safety in a hall or anywhere that space equal to its width exists, and can also be sent by rail without alarm for its health and appearance.

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.





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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Bishop of Peterborough contributes to the *Cornhill* an article on the coronation of the Emperor of Russia, which is warmly praised by an eminent authority for its extraordinary accuracy. The Bishop, it is said, has so accurately grasped the true significance of the occasion as it presents itself to every faithful Russian subject that it is often difficult to believe that his article has been written by a foreigner. It is pointed out that, like Muravieff in writing of the coronation of Alexander II. in 1856, he recognises that the Emperor has to profess himself a true member of the Holy Orthodox Church. "Great as might be the imperial claims afterwards, it was through the door of the Church that he entered upon them. The one guarantee which he gave to his people was the guarantee of fidelity to the Church of the nation."

It appears that there is in the Jersey Bill legalising marriage with a deceased wife's sister no provision for saving the conscience of the clergy, and it may fairly be doubted whether those who desire to contract such unions may not claim to be united in church, and with the Church service. It is thought that the main body of the clergy will resist, but the attitude of the Bishop of Winchester is still doubtful.

The other Sunday the Bishop of Durham and two of his sons preached in the parish church of Sedburgh, Yorks. One son is the Head Master of Sherborne, the other is the Rev. Foss Westcott, a missionary at Cawnpore.

It is suggested that there should be a memorial at Laleham to Dr. Arnold of Rugby. Arnold's happiest days were, perhaps, those he spent there; he delighted in the village, and he often preached in its church and taught in its Sunday school. The idea seems a good one. It will be remembered that Matthew Arnold was born at Laleham.

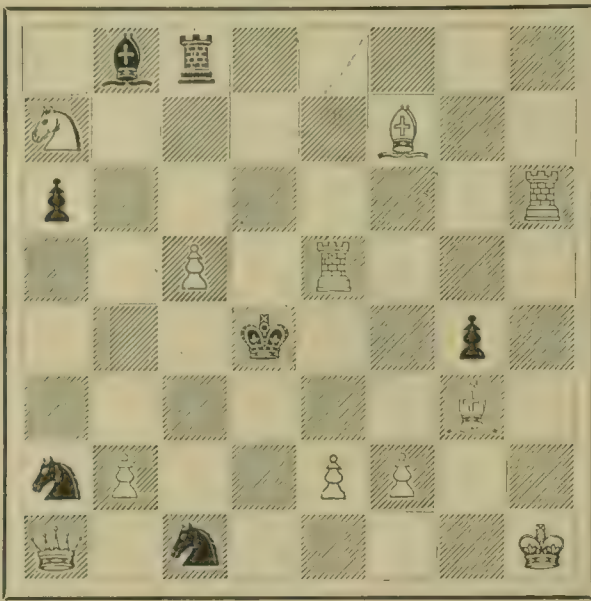
Churchmen are apparently not any nearer an agreement about the Education Bill. Canon Nunn continues to press for rate aid; but a Wessex school manager says that the pressure of the rates on agriculture is already grievous, and that any increase would injure the Church, and raise a cry against the existence of Church schools. He also says that the ratepayers would have to be represented on the committee, and the voluntary schools would thus become Board schools under another name.

A lively controversy has been going on in the *Guardian* between Dr. Sanday and a *Guardian* reviewer on the question whether Dr. Harnack, a well-known leader of German scholarship, is a Christian. The reviewer, who writes vigorously and smartly, says he is not; Dr. Sanday says he is. The reviewer says that when he thinks of the manner in which Dr. Harnack's system has "cankered religion in Germany, Switzerland, and Holland, I cannot but feel regret that Dr. Sanday has not more definitely expressed his condemnation of an evangel which teaches that there was once an excellent man named Jesus, whose sayings must be explained away whenever they have too supernatural a ring."

CHESS.

A F MACKENZIE (Jamaica).—We trust the form of publication will meet with your approval. It was the best we could do.  
A S H H (Rio).—Your further contribution to hand with thanks.  
R HINDLEY (South Australia).—Problem received with thanks. It shall be acknowledged. Any time before publication of solution will do.  
C W SMITH (Stroud).—Yes, it is a second answer, as we have already carefully examined, and we hope to find it worthy of publication.  
A F HAMSON (Crouch Hill).—We do not think 1. Q to K 3rd will solve the problem, and should like you to try again.  
F R McL (Lisburn).—You have not sent your solution, but if it is 1. R to Q 5th we fear the problem would not come up to our standard.  
J S WESLEY (Exeter).—Thanks for problem, which we hope to find good.  
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2727 received from C A M (Penang); of No. 2728 from C A M (Penang) and Upendranath Maitra (Chinsurah); of No. 2729 from Upendranath Maitra; of No. 2732 from Emile Frau (Lyons), Evans (Port Hope, Ont.), David H Creighton (New York), Rev. Aimand de Rosset Meires (Baltimore), and C W Smith (Stroud); of No. 2733 from Eugene Henry, Joseph T Pullen (Exeter), and Emile Frau (Lyons); of No. 2734 from W d'A Barnard (Uppingham), E G Boys, J Bailey (Newark), T Shakespear, Castle Lea, A W Hamilton-Gell, E Louden, T Roberts, Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), and Hereward.  
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2735 received from E Louden, Twynham (Bournemouth), H Le Jeune, W d'A Barnard (Uppingham), Emile Frau (Lyons), Eugene Henry, W Lillie (Manchester), Alpha, Charles Rossiter (Nantwich), E B Ford (Cheltenham), F Waller (Luton), Fred J Gross, I Desanges, G J Veal, Sorrento, E P Vulliamy, Shadforth, M Biehoff, F W C (Edgbaston), Mrs. Kelly (of Kelly), J Barlett Clark, Julia Short (Exeter), Dawn, T Chown, F N Braund (Farnham), Hermit, Frank R Pickering, J Coad, P and L Frater, F James (Wolverhampton), F A Carter (Malden), Dr. F St, H E Lee (Ipswich), C E Perugini, R H Brooks, M A Pyre (Folkestone), "Ostende," Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), R Richards, H S Brandreth, M Ahmed Ali, J L Ralph (Purley), C M A B, P J Candy, T Roberts, R Worters (Canterbury), W R B (Clifton), T R McCluggage (Lisburn), and Oliver Feingla.

PROBLEM No. 2737.  
By A. F. MACKENZIE (Jamaica).  
BLACK.



WHITE.  
White to play, and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2734.—By C. E. NOLTEUS.

WHITE.  
1. Kt to B 7th  
2. Kt to K 6th (disch)  
3. Q mates  
BLACK.  
K takes R  
K moves  
If Black play 1. K to B 5th, 2. P to Kt 3rd (ch); if 1. K takes Kt, 2. R takes P (ch); if 1. B takes R P, 2. Kt (at B 7th) to K 6th (ch); and if B takes Kt P, then 2. Q to Kt 4th (ch), and 3 Kt mates.

CHESS IN GERMANY.

Game played at Nuremberg between MESSRS. STEINITZ and ALBIN.  
(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. A.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)	WHITE (Mr. A.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	27. Kt to K 2nd	P to B 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	28. P to Q Kt 4th	
3. B to Kt 5th	B to B 4th		
A revival of an old idea, and one of many attempts to counteract the effect of the Ruy Lopez attack. It has not been very successful.			
4. P to B 3rd	Kt to B 3rd	29. P takes P	P takes Kt P
5. P to Q 4th	P takes P	30. Kt to K sq	R to B sq
6. P to K 5th	Kt to K 5th	31. P to B 3rd	R to B 5th
7. P takes P	B to K 5th (ch)	32. B to B 2nd	R to B sq
8. K to B sq	Q to Kt 5th	33. P to Kt 4th	R to Kt 7th
9. Q to B 2nd	P to B 4th	34. Q to B sq	R to Kt 7th
10. P to K R 4th	B to K 4th	35. Q to Kt sq	R (at R 7th) takes B
The whole game—in the early part, at least—is a series of manoeuvres for position. These will be better appreciated the more carefully they are studied.			
11. P to R 3rd	B to Kt 3rd	36. Kt takes R	Kt to B 6th
12. B to K 3rd	Castles	37. Kt takes Kt	R takes Kt
13. B to B 4th (ch)	K to R sq	38. P to Kt 5th	P takes P
14. P to K 5th	Q to K sq	39. B takes P	Kt to B 3rd
15. Q to K 2nd	Kt to K 2nd	40. Q to Kt 2nd	R to B 5th
16. Kt to B 3rd	P to Q 3rd	41. P to B 4th	Q to B 2nd
17. B to B 4th	B to Q 2nd	42. K to R sq	B to R 4th
18. R to K sq	B to B 3rd	43. Kt to K 3rd	R to Kt 5th
19. R to R 2nd	R to Q sq	44. Q to K Kt 2nd	Q to K B 2nd
20. P to K Kt 3rd	P to Q 4th	45. R to K Kt sq	R takes P
21. B to Q 3rd	K to Kt sq	46. B to B 6th	
22. K to Kt 2nd	B to Q 2nd		
23. B to B 2nd	B to K 3rd		
24. R to Q sq	P to K R 3rd		
25. Q to K 3rd	K to R 2nd		
26. B to R 4th	Q to B 2nd		
This conclusion, like several of White's games in the tournament, is very fine. If P takes R, then Q to Kt 6th (ch), Q takes Q (it is worse if R to R sq), P takes Q (ch), K to Kt sq, P to Kt 7th, and wins.			
		46. R to Q 6th	R takes Q
		47. Q takes P (ch)	Q takes Q
		48. R takes Q (ch)	K to R 3rd
		49. R takes P	Resigns

The above problem, by one of the most brilliant composers chess has known, possesses a pathetic interest. It was the last Mr. A. F. Mackenzie constructed before his eyesight failed, and it is dedicated to the memory of his brother, who died July 11, 1896.

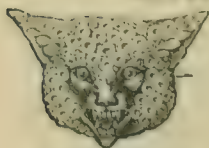
The following problem is taken from the chess column of the *Jornal do Commercio* (Rio). By Dr. D. Galvão.  
White: K at Q R 7th, Q at Q Kt 3rd, Kts at K 3rd and K R 3rd, R at K 8th, B at Q sq, Ps at K 6th and K R 5th.  
Black: K at K 5th, Kt at K 8th, Ps at Q 3rd, K B 3rd, and K 4th.  
White mates in three moves.

The *London Manual* (Offices of London) is an indispensable book of reference to Londoners and handbook to their governors; how indispensable may be judged from the multitude of anomalous authorities which govern the Metropolis. There are over four hundred public authorities who spend upon the government of London twelve millions a year, while the relations between the central and local Boards are chaotic. Things that are common to all London are sometimes in local control; and, on the other hand, matters of purely local concern are sometimes in the hands of central authorities. In some cases the vestries levy and collect rates, in others the guardians, and in others small and variously designated boards. A mighty maze! but not now without a competent guide in this "Manual."

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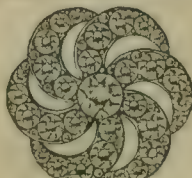
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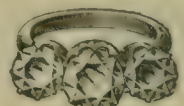
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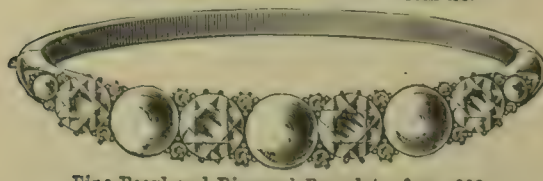


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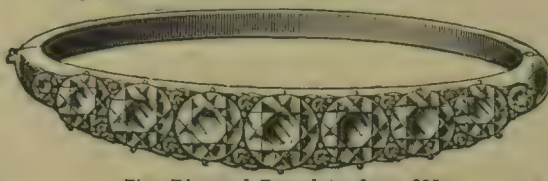


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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Nov. 14, 1891) of Mr. Henry Tootal Broadhurst, J.P., of Beauchamp Hall, Leamington, Warwick, who died on June 16 at Stancliffe Hall, near Matlock, was proved on Sept. 1 by Edward Tootal Broadhurst, the son, John Brooks Close Brooks, and Richard Mayor Wilson, three of the executors, the value of the personal estate being £217,763. The testator gives £500 and £3000 to his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Frances Broadhurst, and also £30,000, upon trust, for her, for life or widowhood, and then between all his children in equal shares; £200 each to his executors, John Brooks Close Brooks and Richard Mayor Wilson; £3000 each to his daughters Marion Brooks Gaskell and Hilda Gertrude, and his sons Edward Tootal and Ernest Howard; £19,000 each to his sons; £11,000, upon trust, for each of his daughters, and legacies to his servants. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his sons E. T. Broadhurst and H. B. Broadhurst equally.

The will (dated Dec. 20, 1891) of Captain George Stewart, of Waverley Lodge, Dartmouth Point, Blackheath, and late of George Stewart and Co., Colombo, Ceylon, who died on July 8, was proved on Aug. 26 by Miss Alice Beeston, the niece, Dr. Arthur Roper, and Arthur Dudley Stallard, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £74,214. The testator bequeaths £100 each to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, the Pitts Mission attached to the Church of the Ascension (Blackheath), the London City Mission, the National Life-Boat Institution, the Shipwrecked Mariners' Society, the Merchant Seamen's Orphan Asylum (Snaresbrook, Essex), the Dover Hospital, and the Colombo Friend-in-Need Society (Ceylon). He gives £10,000 to his niece, Alice Beeston; £1000 each to Arthur Roper, Arthur Dudley Stallard, and Mrs. Rowbotham; £500 each to Richard H. Barnes, Letitia Beeston, Virginia Maud Barrett, Mary P. Braunschweig, Jessie Bloxam, Mary Jacobs, and Edith Richardson; his house, 49, Cressingham Road, and £6000, upon trust, for Thomas Cadreman; £2000, upon trust, for Thomas Henry Cadreman; £300, upon trust, for Albert Edward Cadreman, and legacies to relatives, friends, and servants. He devises the house, buildings, and stores at Slavo Island, Colombo, upon trust, for his niece Alice Beeston for life,

and then to such persons as shall constitute the firm of George Stewart and Co. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his said niece absolutely.

The will (dated Feb. 14, 1896) of Mr. Thomas Paine Hilder, of Barfield Lodge, Bickley, who died on June 1, was proved on Aug. 24 by Thomas Paine Hilder, the son, and Jeffery Whitehead, jun., the executors, the value of the personal estate being £72,976. The testator gives £200 and his household furniture, plate, etc., to his wife, Mrs. Emma Hilder; his watches, jewels, and guns to his son; £1000 to his sister, Mrs. Sarah Cladish; £50 each to executors; £100 to his godchild, Kate Newington; and legacies to servants. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life or widowhood, and should she marry again, a sum of £200 per annum is to be paid her during her life. Subject as aforesaid, the residue is to be divided equally between his children, Mary Elizabeth Whitehead, Edith Hilder, John Paine Hilder, Eugenia May Hilder, and Kathleen Hilder.

The will (dated June 2, 1896) of Mr. Joshua Michael Joshua, of 61, Kensington Court, who died at Scarborough on Aug. 18, was proved on Aug. 27 by Samuel Joshua, the brother and one of the executors, the value of the personal estate being £64,569. The testator bequeaths £1000 each to Ada Barnett and Julia Connor; £3000 each to his sisters Julia and Eva, and to his brother John; £1000 each to his sister-in-law Mary and her daughters; £3000, and his household furniture and effects, to his housekeeper, Mrs. Jane Barfoot; £5000, upon trust, for the children of Emma and William Gilbert, and specific gifts to his brothers Samuel and Abraham. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his brother Samuel.

The will (dated Aug. 1, 1889), with a codicil (dated Sept. 25, 1890), of Major-General Henry Todd Tucker, C.B., of 51, Gloucester Gardens, Hyde Park, who died on Aug. 6, was proved on Aug. 27 by Henry Tudor Tucker, the son and one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £35,007. The testator gives £200 and his household furniture to his wife, Mrs. Harriet Maria Tucker; £100 each to his nephew William Fane Tucker and his granddaughter Dorothy Shakespear, and certain silver plate to his son. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for

life, and then to his three children, Florence Tucker, Olivia Shakespear, and Henry Tudor Tucker.

The will (dated March 20, 1894) of Mr. George Hunt, F.R.S., of Hopefield, Alleyn Park, West Dulwich, who died on July 9, was proved on Aug. 25 by Mrs. Laura Matilda Hunt, the widow, and John Downward, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £45,780. The testator bequeaths £1000 each to his sister-in-law, Alice Louisa Tate, and to his cousin, John Downward; and one year's wages to each servant in his employ at the time of his death. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his wife for her own use and benefit.

The will (dated July 20, 1882), with a codicil (dated June 11, 1885), of Mr. Matthew Marwood Willis, of Escombe, Copers Cope Road, Beckenham, formerly of Newton Lodge, Oxtou, Chester, who died on July 20, was proved on Aug. 20 by the Rev. Rawdon Marwood Willis, the son, and Joshua Francis Rawdon, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £28,065. The testator gives £150 and his household furniture to his wife, Mrs. Everilda Amelia Willis. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, to raise such a sum as, with the amounts she is entitled to under her two settlements, make up £10,000, and to pay the income thereof to his wife, for life. Subject thereto, his property is to go to all his children in equal shares.

The will of Miss Louisa Nicholson, of 27, Holland Road, Kensington, who died on July 13, was proved on Aug. 22 by Charles Norris Nicholson and Lothian Demain Nicholson, the nephews and executors, the value of the personal estate being £13,741.

The will and codicil of Mr. Matthew Grenville Samwell Knapp, of Old Bradwell House, Bradwell, Bucks, who died on July 6, was proved on Aug. 29 by Mrs. Katherine Eliza Spottiswoode Knapp, the widow, and John Matthew Knapp, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £5913.

The will and four codicils of Mr. George Wilder, of Stansted Park, Emsworth, Sussex, who died on July 27, were proved on Aug. 24 by Mrs. Mary Laura Wilder, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate being £3732, so far as can at present be ascertained.

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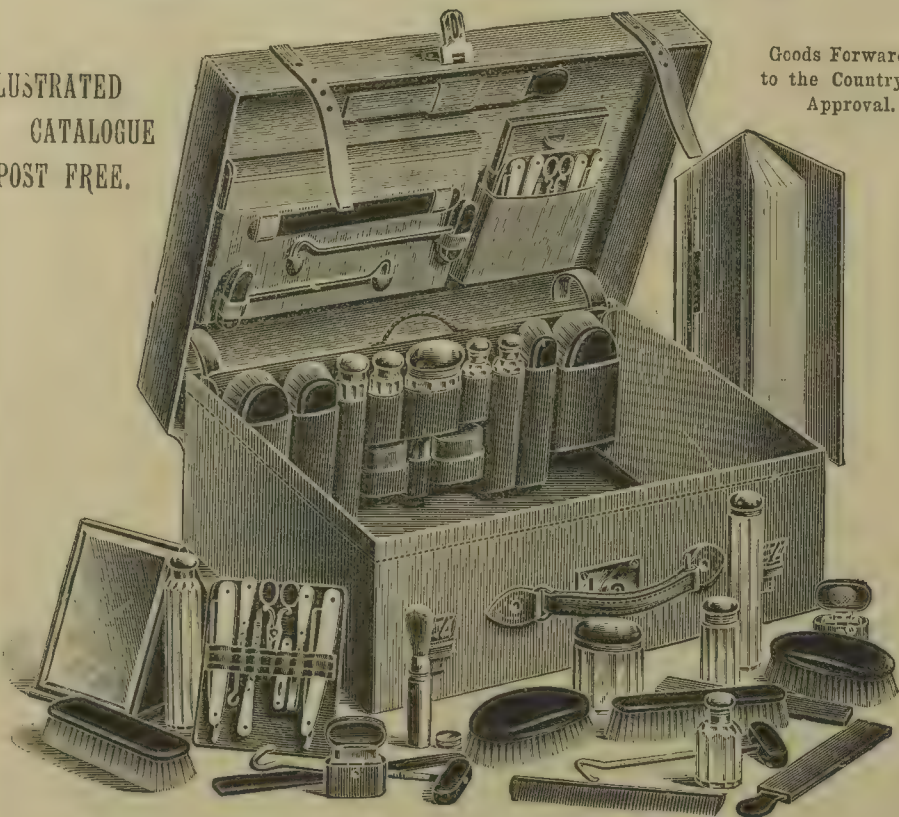
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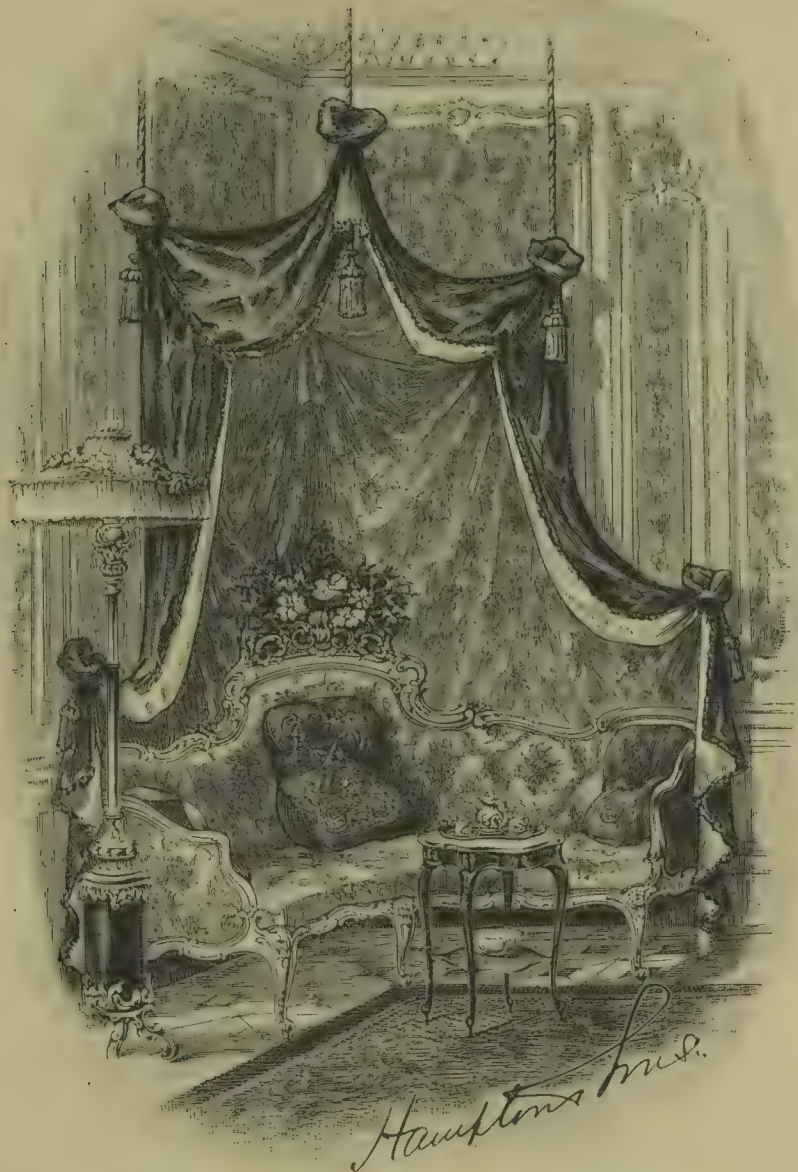
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## FROM A SCOTTISH WORKSHOP.

BY ANDREW LANG.

Most people know the curious refreshing influence of sleep on the mind. The schoolboy goes to bed, unable to remember the lines he has tried to learn by rote; he awakens with his task achieved, "word perfect." For days this summer I puzzled over the peculiarities of the paper and ink in certain historical manuscripts. One morning I awoke with the idea flashing on me that the papers had been originally written in secret ink, and later exposed to fire, or to the action of chemicals. To this now obvious explanation I did not consciously reason.

Beyond these simple mental phenomena we come to the cases in which a mathematical problem is solved, or a musical piece is composed, by a person "walking in his sleep." Several instances occur in books about psychology. Next we find the cases in which a dream dramatically reveals to a man some secret which he cannot remember to have ever known while awake. A story of this kind is told in a note to "The Antiquary." A gentleman, in dire need of certain documents, dreams that his dead father appears to him, and gives him the clue, with many curious particulars. Scott argues that the dream only revived some lost memory, perhaps of childhood.

Now, in the last "Proceedings of the Society for Psychological Research," there occurs a perfectly beautiful case of the mind solving a problem in sleep, and solving it, apparently, by the aid of a person long dead, in the course of a dramatic

dream. Here is no pretence of a spook; the perplexed mind, it is admitted, hits on the right solution in slumber, and throws it into highly artistic form.

The hero is Dr. Hilprecht, Professor of Assyrian in the University of Pennsylvania. In March 1893 the learned Professor was trying to decipher the fragmentary inscriptions on two broken bits of agate, pieces, as was supposed, of old Babylonian finger-rings. He had not even the bits of stone before him, only sketches made from these originals, which were discovered by archaeologists from the American University. The Professor guessed their date, widely, at 1700-1140 B.C., and he did decipher one character as K U. He ascribed this "to King Kurigalzu (?)" and set down the fragments as "unclassifiable." Then he marked his proof "for press," and went to bed, tired and dissatisfied.

The Professor dreamed a dream. A Chaldean priest took him into a temple treasure-chamber, wherein was "a large wooden chest, with scraps of agate and lapis lazuli on the floor." The priest then said that the two fragments, published on page 22 and page 26 of the Professor's book, were *not* finger-rings. King Kurigalzu had once offered to the shrine of Bel an inscribed cylinder of agate, such as we have all seen in museums. Then the priests were suddenly ordered to make agate earrings for the god Ninib. Now the priests "were out of agate" in the rough. They therefore cut the cylinder of Kurigalzu into three parts, whereof two were converted into Ninib's earrings. The priest, in the dream of course, bade

Dr. Hilprecht put his two fragments together, and he departed. The Professor (*teste* Mrs. Hilprecht) jumped out of bed, compared the two sketches of the fragments, and exclaimed, "It is so, it is so!"

The fragments, even now, are incomplete. Certain characters are "entirely lost, and have been supplied by analogy from the many similar inscriptions." Thus filled up (just as we might add "Dei" to a coin, partially obliterated, which read "Iacobus II., — Gratia"), the combined fragments read—

To the God Ninib, child  
Of the God Bel  
His Lord  
Kurigalzu  
Pontifex of the God Bel  
Has presented it.

There was a difficulty even now, for in the sketches the fragments were represented as of different colours of agate. How, then, could they have originally been parts of the same cylinder? Dr. Hilprecht, in August 1893, went to Constantinople and examined the two fragments, which he found in separate *vitrines*. They fitted into each other, but, when originally sawn out of the cylinder, "the whitish vein of the stone appeared on one fragment, the larger grey surface upon the other."

The explanation of the discovery made in the dream is that, when wide awake, Dr. Hilprecht's mind was led away from the original unity of the two fragments by their difference of colour as exhibited in the sketches.

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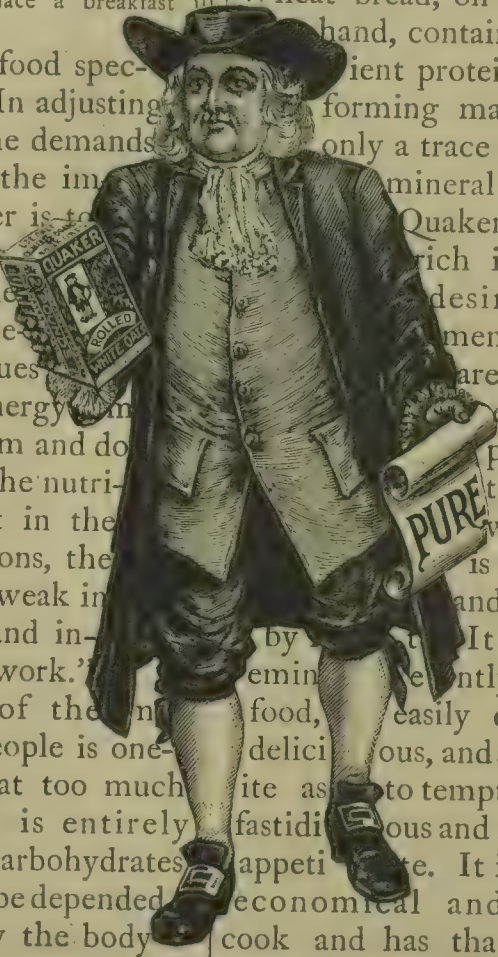
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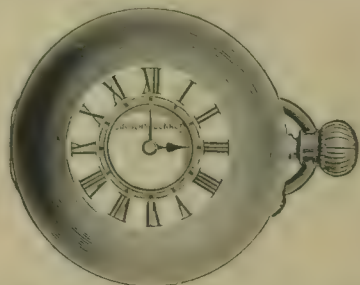
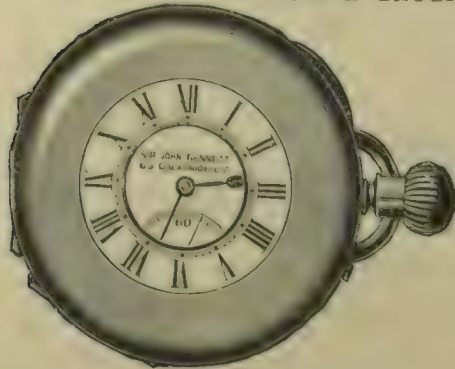
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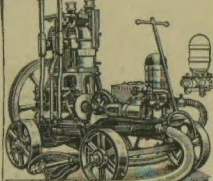
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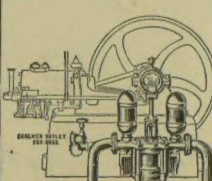
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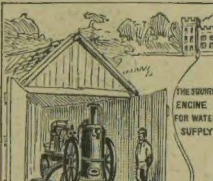
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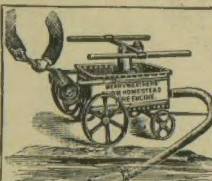


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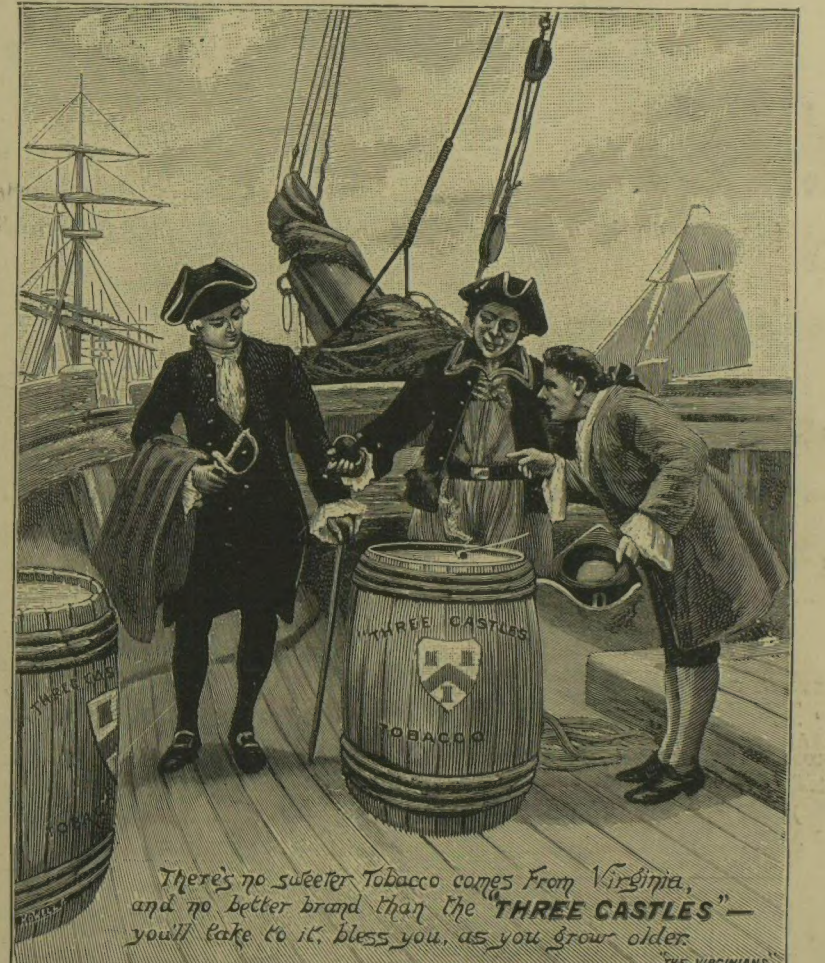


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which alone lay before him. When asleep, his mind forgot the difficulty of the difference of colour, and pieced the bits together. Once so pieced, they obviously were not finger-rings, but portions of a cylinder. KU had already been recognised by the Professor, when awake, as possibly Kurigalzu. Asleep, he "combined his information." How he arrived at the knowledge of an inscription to Ninib, I can only explain by supposing that such inscriptions are common. As to the wooden chest in the dream and the splinters of agate and lapis lazuli on the floor, the Professor had been informed about these two years earlier.

This is all very capital. The mind of Dr. Hilprecht solved, in sleep, a problem which puzzled it when awake,

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It is plain enough that Dr. Hilprecht must have when asleep reasoned the whole matter out in the ordinary way. "These fragments were originally parts of one whole, that whole was a cylinder, it was dedicated by Kurigalzu, it was later cut into earrings." So we reason when awake; so, too, we probably reason when asleep. But, when asleep, we are not only sometimes more clever than when awake

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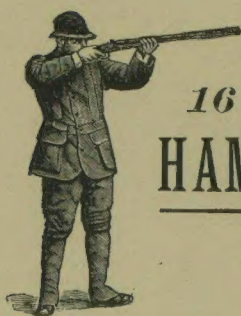
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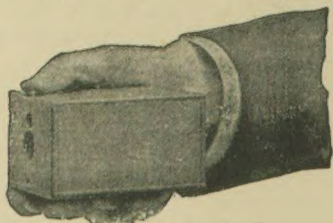
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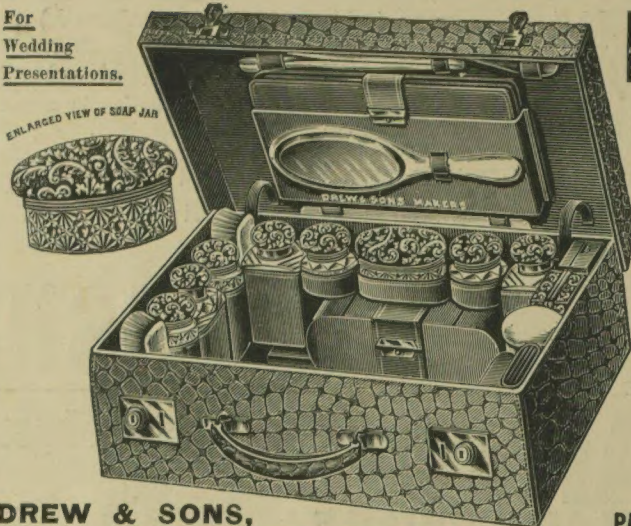
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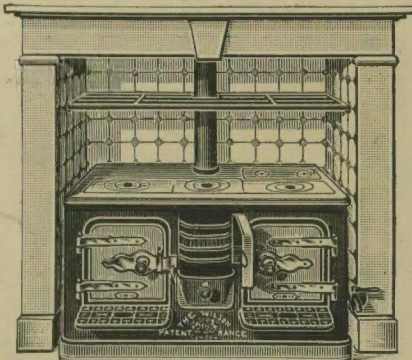
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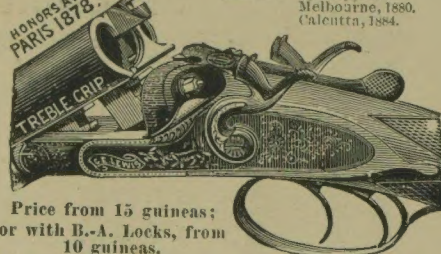
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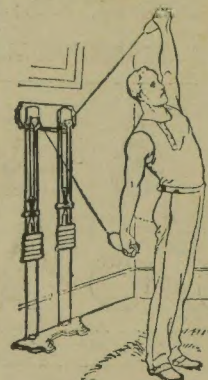
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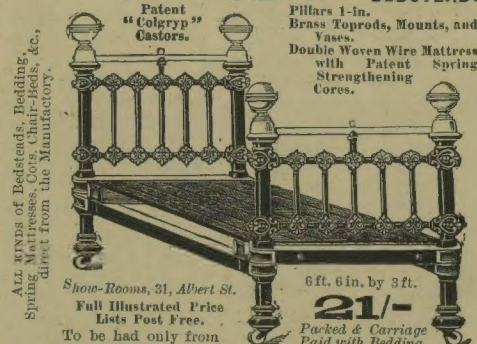
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